

THE ATHENÆUM

WEEKLY REVIEW

Of English and Foreign Literature, Fine Arts, and Works of Embellishment.

No. 128.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1830.

PRICE 8d.

BYRON AND HIS CRITICS.

Do our readers remember an adventure of the hapless Gulliver in Brobdingnag? How, one day, when reposing at his ease, he was pounced upon by an unlucky monkey, borne to a most dangerous elevation, and there seated on a slippery tile; whilst the creature, in mistaken kindness, stuffed him with odious food, patted and fondled him with noisy patronage, and ever and anon dandled him betwixt his paws, in scorn and defiance of the gaping rabblement below! It is many years since we read over this adventure; but we have been irresistibly reminded of it by the attitude Mr. Campbell assumes, as the champion and guardian of Lady Byron's cause, in the last number of the New Monthly Magazine. There is the same chattering coxcombry of manner—the same assumption of a patron's and protector's airs—the same coarse cramming with loathsome morsels—the same mock dignity and pseudo-valour. Much valour, indeed, as it should seem, it requires, in Mr. Campbell's opinion, to combat the insinuations against Lady Byron in Mr. Moore's late work; for, in one place, he tells us, "a female friend offered to do this, and she would have probably done it better than I can. But I could not be such a *craven*, as to let a woman come forward in my place." In another passage he breaks out—"You speak, Mr. Moore, against Lord Byron's censurers in a tone of indignation which is perfectly lawful towards calumnious traducers, but which will not terrify *me* or any other man of courage, who is no calumniator, from uttering his mind freely."

Without pausing to estimate the vast amount of peril which Mr. Campbell, or any other critic, might incur, from questioning the justice or propriety of Mr. Moore's remarks, we may be permitted to express our surprise, that this gallant champion did not earlier descend into the lists; that he permitted the lady, whose colours he displays, to run one course herself, before coming forward in his own person to do battle on her behalf against the foe;—nay, more, that he was there aiding and abetting the cause of the cruel and unjust. By his own defence of this strange conduct let us judge him. "Among the literary notices of the New Monthly, I consented," says he, "to the insertion of a laudatory account of the work (Moore's Byron); nay, more, I expunged a portion of the manuscript critique, in which Mr. Moore was censured for unfairness towards Lady Byron. This I did from unwillingness to blame my friend Mr. Moore, and from having scarcely dipped into the censured parts of the book. Besides, I did not then believe Lady Byron to be so perfectly justifiable in the separation as I now know her to be." What! Mr. Campbell (to imitate your own perpetual change of persons in attacking Mr. Moore), you, who "now claim to speak of Lady Byron in the right of a man, and of a friend to the rights of woman, and to liberty and to natural religion;" who "claim a right more especially as one of the many friends of Lady Byron, who one and all feel aggrieved by this

production;" who are "proud to be called her friend—the humble illustrator of her cause;" who "must add a few words even to her admirable statement, for hers is a cause not only dear to her friends, but concerns morality and the most sacred rights of the sex,"—could you, with tame indifference, "scarcely dip" into those parts of the book that unfairly attacked this object of your reverence and esteem?—could you, with cold injustice, suppress a vindication of your "excellent friend's" character, from unwillingness to blame Mr. Moore?—could you, too, neglect to apply until this eleventh hour to that "perfectly authentic quarter," where you "learned a few facts," by which you now "know Lady Byron to be perfectly justifiable"? "Call you this backing of your friends?—a plague upon such backing." It is of a piece with your subsequent declaration, that "Lady Byron (if the subject must be discussed) belongs to sentiment and morality—at least as much as Lord Byron." Good heavens! if she did not belong to the latter infinitely more, the world would care as little for her wrongs, as it will for your defence of them. Doubtless, however, your present conduct is the result of the most disinterested friendship: but one might conceive a man, who would abstain with quiet indolence from encountering a dangerous antagonist, upon a topic indifferent to the public, yet, goaded on by vanity, would rush into the arena of dispute, so soon as the world's gaze was drawn that way; who, caring little for its cause, would eagerly engage in a contest where popular applause was to be won, and feel no inconsiderable pride in proving that he equalled others in controversial skill, and surpassed them in knowledge of the subject. But it is to the matter, rather than the manner, of Mr. Campbell's strange effusion, that we wish to call the reader's attention.

When a person of notoriety like his,—a friend, moreover, of all the parties concerned,—had once embarked in this delicate affair, we naturally looked, in the first place, for much additional information of importance with regard to the merits of the case. But of this there appears nothing whatsoever. He tells us, indeed, of "a few facts," of which he does not hint the purport, obtained from an "authentic quarter," which he does not particularize; but as far as he condescends to be explicit, he appears to know no more of the matter than any other man who can read, between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner. Delicacy may doubtless forbid a literal revelation of these horrid secrets, but he might at least hint, if he knows it, the nature of them—*as*, whether it was the ill-temper, or the inhumanity, or the irreligion, or the licentiousness of Byron, that rendered him intolerable as a husband; for all these the world has specified in turn. That the "few facts" cannot be of very great atrocity, we may presume, from the circumstance, that Mr. Campbell, in parts of his philippic, speaks of Byron in language of considerable tenderness and esteem. But the man who comes before the public, and says, "I have learned a few facts, but I won't tell you what, from a person, but I won't tell you whom, that quite make up my mind," seems to us more unfair and culpable than Mr. Moore, who, by making specific charges, lies open to,

and has in part received, a complete refutation. The sum and substance of Mr. Campbell's additions to our common stock of knowledge on the subject, is this pleasing letter of Lady Byron:—

"Dear Mr. Campbell,—In taking up my pen to point out, for your private information, those passages in Mr. Moore's representation of my part of the story, which were open to contradiction, I find them of still greater extent than I had supposed; and to deny an assertion here and there would virtually admit the truth of the rest. If, on the contrary, I were to enter into a full exposure of the falsehood of the views taken by Mr. Moore, I must detail various matters which, consistently with my principles and feelings, I cannot under the existing circumstances disclose. I may, perhaps, convince you better of the difficulty of the case, by an example:—'*It is not true, that pecuniary embarrassments were the cause of the disturbed state of Lord Byron's mind, or formed the chief reason for the arrangements made by him at that time. But is it reasonable for me to expect that you, or any one else, should believe this, unless I show you what were the causes in question? and this I cannot do.*'"

"I am, &c. &c.

"E. NOEL BYRON."

"Excellent woman!" exclaims our enraptured editor, "honoured by all who know her, and injured by those who know her not!—I will believe her on her own testimony." And so will we and all the world, for no one has ever yet accused Lady Byron of intentional falsehood; but this rhapsody, nevertheless, tells about as much for Mr. Campbell's argument, as it does for his good taste; nor does the passage to which he has given all the importance of italics, render us much wiser than before.

Disappointed in the hope of obtaining any particular information, we might naturally look to Mr. Campbell for an exposure at least of Moore's unfairness, and a contradiction of his assertions on topics previously untouched by Lady Byron. But of this there is scarcely anything. He has not even read the book, for "he hates to wade through it." He prefers falling foul of the poor biographer's theories, to pointing out the injustice of his statements. He thinks his "whole theory about the unmarriageableness of genius, a twaddling little hint for a compliment to himself, and a theory refuted by the lives of Scott and Flaxman," and so on of his other theories. This is drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard with a vengeance! Mr. Moore, in whose whole composition there is not one grain of philosophy, is certainly very fond of hatching his little foolish philosophical theories, and often risks his reputation as a poet and a wit, by aiming at what nature has denied him; for this he deserves to receive the castigation of a Westminster Reviewer, but not the insults of a quondam friend. The merits of the question at issue cannot be in the slightest degree affected by the *reductio ad absurdum* of every one of these empty rhodomontades; and why Mr. Campbell should wander from his purpose to indulge in such ebullitions of spleen, can only be accounted for, by attributing to him some other feelings besides pure sympathy for an injured woman. His other grounds of wrath are

still more extraordinary and unreasonable. He protests most vehemently against the unworthy expression, a "deserted" husband; yet we never heard that the fact of the desertion was disputed, but merely whether that desertion was fully authorized in Lady Byron under all the circumstances. He complains that "there is something exquisitely unjust in Mr. Moore's comparing her chance of popularity with Lord Byron's; the poet who can command men of talents, putting even Mr. Moore into the livery of his service, and who has *suborned the favour of all women by the beauty of his person and the voluptuousness of his verses.*" To the personal beauty of a man some seven years dead, let its proper importance be assigned, but we may take leave to contradict this "friend of women," this vindicator "of the most sacred rights of the sex," in his estimate of the moral purity of educated Englishwomen, and feel proud to express our conviction, that both Byron and his biographer would stand much higher in favour with the sex, had they written verses less voluptuous. It is but justice, however, to Mr. Campbell to state that in the same page he contradicts his own assertion, and admits, "that collectively speaking, the world is in Lady Byron's favour." But with him we have now done, for we have too much respect for their subject, to notice his fulsome eulogies of Lady Byron, remarking only the exquisite absurdity with which he terms her a "forlorn flower of virtue, drooping in the solitude of sorrow," when all the world, as well as Mr. Campbell, know that her life since the separation, has been eminently peaceful, cheerful and contented.

And now it may be permitted to say a few words on the merits of that cause, which has been injured by this petulant and untasteful advocacy. Lady Byron's letter was very naturally provoked by Mr. Moore's rash statements; it was moreover executed in the best manner, and apparently conceived in the best spirit. But it has effected far more than was desirable—far more, we trust, than she herself intended. It is very idle to talk of her magnanimity, in vindicating her parent's character at the expense of her own, for that vindication of necessity brought along with it a complete exculpation of herself, and a terrible crimination of her husband. This, though not her object, she might—we think, she must, have seen, would be the result. The two facts, that the causes of separation were of such a nature as could not be mentioned to her parents, and that Dr. Lushington deemed a reconciliation impossible, have thrown a darker stain upon the memory of Byron, than all that had transpired before, from the day she left his house. There are many circumstances that might justify a wife in thus defending herself at the expense of her dead husband, but few that could entitle her so to treat the *father of her child*. That some one of those few has been the foundation of the present mystery, is very probable, and therefore we presume not to blame her; but neither, we contend, is she entitled to the credit of any extraordinary or Roman virtue. To maintain another's happiness at the sacrifice of one's own, is a glorious act in man; to preserve another's reputation at a personal diminution of good fame, is perhaps the noblest effort of which human nature is capable. Had Lady Byron done this, she would have deserved our most enthusiastic admiration; although she has not done it, she merits not the slightest reproach. In the meantime a merciful public are engaged in imagining every variety of "unhallowed monstrous things," to solve the dreadful secret. It seems never to occur to them, that Lady Byron, though incapable of intentional misrepresentation, might not be the most clear-sighted and well-judging of mortals; that other women, in the most perfect good faith, have entertained the most unfounded suspicions of their husbands;

that, with a character like Lord Byron's, there would be a peculiar danger of such delusion, from the known delight he took in "mystifying" all around him about himself, and from his unaccountable propensity for accusing himself of sins which he never committed. They do not seem to recognize the possibility that the lady might be strictly veracious, and her conduct quite unexceptionable, according to the opinion she entertained of her husband, and yet that opinion not a true one. This may not seem a probable explanation, but it is at least as probable as the hypotheses that are daily whispered in private. Meanwhile, the public are bound in common humanity to suspend their judgments; they have heard but a party statement, and they ought to pause, though it were pleaded with an angel's tongue. The unhappy defendant is in a land too distant for his voice to reach them, and there appears for him no one at once instructed and capable for the defence, since Moore has proved a sorry advocate. There are arrayed against him, many of those who contend for woman's rights, and sympathize with woman's wrongs; all those who envy genius, and who love to depreciate human nature; all "snug coteries and literary ladies;" all lovers of the scandalous or the horrible; all canters, bigots, hypocrites—a mighty multitude.

Notices of Brazil in 1828 and 1829. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London 1830. Westley and Davis.

DR. WALSH in his capacity of Chaplain to Viscount Strangford, accompanied his Lordship on the recent special mission to Rio Janeiro. The object of that mission, it is well known, was to attempt the effecting a reconciliation between the Emperor of the Brazils and his brother, now ruler in Portugal, on the basis of a completion of the marriage, projected by Don Pedro himself, of his daughter with Don Miguel. Of the result of that embassy, it is sufficient to say, that the proposition, which it was charged to submit to the Emperor, was found to be so repugnant to the feelings of his Majesty, that it could not be urged; and that the mission in consequence, as far at least as the particular object with which it was sent out is concerned, proved abortive.

For our own parts, however, and with such a work as the "*Notices of Brazil*" before us, we feel little disposed to consider the legation as having been fruitless. We divest our view of the case of all consideration and question as to success or failure in the object immediately contemplated by our own government;—we make the Ambassador and his Chaplain change places; and, regarding the latter as the representative of the British public, deputed to examine and note the condition of the newly formed empire, and to state the result of his observations for the information and future guidance of those for whom he has acted as agent, we profess ourselves well satisfied with the report of our emissary, and consider the purpose of the mission to be happily accomplished,—more happily indeed than would have been the case, had it ended in persuading Don Pedro to allow his perjured brother to exercise his ill-gotten and ill-used power without the fear of molestation from him.

Dr. Walsh has travelled much, and on him travel has had that effect which it seldom fails of producing on a man of capacity and good disposition. It has purged his mind of the prejudices of nation, religion, place and circumstances, and put him in a condition to exercise an unbiased and impartial judgment on all that comes under his notice. A diligent and sagacious investigator, his inquiries and communications are equally devoid of passion and exaggeration. He is the very man whose

opinion, wanting the opportunity of judging for ourselves, we should desire to take on the state of society in the new world. He censures nothing because it happens to be at variance with the customs and ways of thinking of those with whom he is himself associated; nor does he spare any usage, habit or action, in itself deserving of reprobation, either because it is connected with a country which appears to him under the charm of novelty, or because the condemnation would cast a partial obscurity over his picture of a people, whom, on the whole, he sees grounds for representing in a favourable light. The "*Notices of Brazil*," in short, is a work calculated to do good for both hemispheres—to enlighten both the old and the new world; for it unfortunately happens, that, experienced as we Europeans consider ourselves, we want to be instructed on many points, scarcely less than the scattered inhabitants of the thinly-peopled regions, whose half-civilized population we are so much disposed to despise for their ignorance and superstition.

Of the two volumes of Dr. Walsh's work, the first is devoted to the narrative of his voyage to Brazil, and his observations on the capital of the Brazilian empire: the second is principally occupied with the account of journeys into the interior of the country, but contains also remarks made on the passage homewards, and an interesting, although afflicting, relation of the detention and subsequent release of a slave-ship. He takes the occasion of touching at Madeira, to give of that island a history and description, which will not fail to be read with interest, especially for the particulars: contains of the unfortunate and abortive attempt to resist the government of Don Miguel. But let us proceed to the Brazils, on which we feel called on more especially to engage the attention of our readers.

The vessel, the frigate *Galatea*, appointed to carry out Lord Strangford and his suite, arrived in the harbour of Rio Janeiro on the 16th October, 1828, in two months *minus* 10 days from Portsmouth. The voyage had been in every respect favourable, notwithstanding that there had been a clergyman on board as passenger,—a circumstance which, as Dr. Walsh tells us, it is still among the superstitions of sailors to regard as inauspicious. The first impressions produced on our author by this magnificent bay, and his description of the scene, our readers will probably be pleased to have in his own words. They will be found in the following passages.

"About twelve, the sea breeze sprung up, and we entered the most magnificent harbour in the world. We steered between the Ilha da Lage and the point of Santa Cruz, through a passage about five thousand feet wide; and as there are strong fortresses on the island and the point, the entrance seems completely closed against a hostile force. Having passed these points, the bay expanded, forming an immense basin surrounded by romantic wooded hills; some advancing a considerable way into the harbour, others retiring, and leaving between them deep recesses and glens, which were filled with villas. On our left was the town of Rio, standing between several lofty eminences; not like Rome and Constantinople, ascending over them, but the streets winding their way in the valleys below, and churches and convents only crowning the hills above. In the bay were multitudes of ships of all nations, both of war and commerce; not crowded together, as in our contracted rivers, but spread over the wide expanse of waters, and dotting the surface in all directions. In the distance were the Organ mountains, forming a singular back-ground to this picture. These are a range of granite pikes, bristling up along the horizon, and piercing the clouds with their long sharp summits, projected on the sky like organ-

pipes in a vast cathedral, and hence deriving their extraordinary appellation. I had heard much of the beauty of this harbour, but the reality far exceeded my conceptions. It could hardly be compared with Constantinople, the character of both was so different; but certainly in grandeur, extent, and romantic scenery, it far exceeded it. It looked like what it is likely to be, the great basin of a magnificent country, which nature intended should hereafter become the emporium of the world. * * *

"We were surrounded at our anchorage by ships of war of different nations. The French squadron consisted of a ship of the line, two frigates, and three schooners, and other nations in proportion. The English was reduced to two frigates, the *Thetis* and *Tribune*; the Admiral was out on a cruise to Bahia. We hoisted the Brazilian flag at the mast-head, and saluted the batteries, and an exchange of salutes took place between us and all the ships of war. The echo caused by these guns was very remarkable by the repercussion from hill to hill round the bay. After the first loud explosion, the return of the sound to the ear was quick, short, and sharp, in different directions, so that every discharge of cannon was followed by several distinct minor reports, like a succession of pistol shots at a distance. * * *

"The bay next morning presented to us a very busy scene. The surface was a moving panorama of boats of all kinds, passing from one side of the water to the other. They were generally manned by negroes, whose only covering was a pair of drawers, and an old straw hat. The boats were large, with a canopy astern, to shade passengers from the sun, and they were impelled by four long oars, rowed by the black crew. I took a boat with some of the officers of the ship, impatient to set my foot, for the first time, on the shores of South America." i. 129—133.

One of the first objects that attracted the notice of Dr. Walsh after he had landed and entered the city, was the black population; and he draws an animated and affecting picture of these people, as they appeared to him in the respective states of slavery and freedom. In the former, he describes their physical and mental qualities as partaking of the degradation of their political condition—sunk in fact to the grade of brutes; and in the latter he represents them as standing on an equal step in the scale of humanity with their white brethren, if not on a higher one.

Dr. Walsh lost no time, after his arrival, in informing himself of the history of Brazil, and the results of his inquiries are collected in about two hundred pages, which constitute one of the most interesting portions of his work. He first takes a rapid view of this history, from the discovery of the country by Cabral, to the arrival at Bahia of the late king of Portugal, an emigrant from his European dominions, and thence follows it with more minuteness through those recent and interesting events, which have terminated in the establishment of the empire, and the complete separation of the colony from the mother country. He represents Don Pedro as having lost much of that popularity which he once enjoyed; and on the whole, perhaps, it is not an unreasonable conclusion, from the account given by Dr. Walsh, that the democratical and monarchical principles are by no means on good terms in this infantine empire; and that there is a very probable chance that Don Pedro may ere long have cause to repent his abdication of the Portuguese crown, and, being released from the cares of empire on the other side of the Atlantic, may be at full liberty to come and assert, in person, his own or his daughter's rights to the European patrimony. It is not unlikely, moreover, that, by the time that consummation arrives, he will have had sufficient experience of the inconvenience which a monarch is apt to

experience from a popular legislative assembly, to make him averse to urge on the Portuguese nation the free constitution, so hateful to themselves, and the object of so much jealousy to their neighbours. There seems nothing in his disposition which should render him unfit to be a monarch fit for an apostolical party—a king after their own heart.

His unpopularity in Brazil will not seem a matter for surprise, after a perusal of the subjoined account of the erection of the exchange, and of the massacre of which it became the theatre:—

"While preparing to depart, it was proposed to call the electors of the deputies together, to submit to them a plan prepared for the government of Brazil, in order to have their opinion, and, if approved of, their sanction,—the king proposing, with his usual wish to conciliate, that if any part of the plan of the regency was disapproved of, he would adopt such alteration as they suggested. The electors on this invitation were regularly convened by the Ouvidor of the Comarca, who acted on such occasion as our high sheriff, and assembled at the Exchange.

"When the opening of the ports of Brazil had invited the commerce of the world, and the increase of trade at Rio had rendered a new Exchange necessary, it was resolved to build one on a scale commensurate with the wants of the port. The place fixed on was in the Rua Direita, beside the Custom-house; a number of old edifices were thrown down, and an area, open from the sea to the street, was cleared for the building. It was commenced in October, 1819, and opened for business in the May following. The house was 160 palms long and 145 broad; the floor, elevated six steps above the level of the street, was entered and passed through by four large arched gates on opposite sides, the two principal opening to the street and the sea. The interior had a central dome, with four transepts issuing from it at right angles, forming a cross, extending the length and breadth of the building, with galleries at each end, supported by twenty-two doric fluted columns. The *comp d'oeil* of this hall was very striking, as it had a classical air, very unlike the dull and heavy public edifices in every other part of the city. Statues of the four quarters of the world indicated the extent to which the trade of Brazil had been thrown open, and Commerce, Navigation, Industry, and Agriculture, the arts which it cherished and encouraged. As the king always wished to distinguish his birthdays by some act affording agreeable recollections, he appointed the 13th of May for the opening of this edifice, and it formed a kind of jubilee in Rio. The king took his barge, landed at the sea portal, and visited the hall, which was brilliantly illuminated. The British merchants deputed one of their body, who addressed him in the following words:—'Senhor, it is incumbent on the British merchants, resident in the city, to congratulate your Majesty on this occasion, and to thank you for the protection and favour you have always afforded to their commerce. I, with them, sincerely pray that you may live many years, to animate that commerce, and render happy those who live under your prosperous reign.' Having made a suitable answer, the king, with his family, sat down to a collation prepared for the occasion: which was followed by a ball, and they departed amidst acclamations and music.

"As this building formed a distinguishing era in the annals of Brazil, indicating the great political changes the country had undergone, and the vast influx of wealth it had acquired, it was a temple to which they attached a kind of veneration; and here the first electors convened in the country, were determined to hold their important meeting. Several of the citizens combined to add to its ornament on the occasion,

at their own private expense; one covered the seats with velvet, another sent silver candlesticks, and every one was eager to contribute to the decoration and display of the first national assembly of Brazil. It was naturally to be expected that much irregularity should occur in a meeting entirely unused to form, and unacquainted with the extent of its powers. The debates, therefore, were turbulent, and some of their demands extravagant. They proposed that the Constitution of Spain should be the model of that of Portugal, to which the king assented. A rumour was spread that the Portuguese troops were coming to disperse them; but their commander, being summoned before them, assured them it was not so. It was affirmed that the king was about to carry off with him a large treasure from the country, and had actually embarked a quantity of public property, even the funds of some charitable institutions. It was well known, that prodigality and rapacity had been the besetting sins of the government of Brazil, and this rumour gained implicit credit. It was moved, therefore, that the vessels should be searched, and orders were sent to the commanders of the forts of Santa Cruz and Lage, to stop the ships of the squadron, if they attempted to sail.

"It was now past midnight, and some of the electors had retired; but, from the importance of their proceedings, the hall was still crowded, when the edifice was suddenly surrounded by a regiment of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, and loaded muskets. Without the smallest notice of their approach, or any intimation to the people to disperse, they rushed on the unarmed meeting, poured a volley among them, and then charged with their bayonets. Nothing could be more horrible than the scene of carnage which followed—a number of brutal soldiers assassinating unarmed citizens in a closed-up room. Those who were not killed or wounded, attempted to escape through the windows; some were crushed to death by the fall, and some fled forward into the sea, and were drowned. Meantime, the soldiers deliberately proceeded to plunder; they robbed the dead and wounded of their watches and valuables, and stripped the room of the plate and candlesticks, and, having thus glutted themselves with blood and plunder, dispersed.

"I have conversed with several persons who were present on this occasion, who informed me of the fate of some of their friends. One man was a Brazilian, doing business in an English house. Hearing a bustle near the door, he stood up to see what was the matter, and was shot through the heart by a soldier, who put his musket close to his breast. Another was a young man, who, tired with the length of the debate, had lain down, and fallen asleep; in that position he was pinned to the bench by a soldier who stood over him, and thrust his bayonet through his back. An Englishman of the name of Burnet, had been employed as care-taker of the hall; he was attacked by a fellow who thrust his bayonet at his belly. Provisionally he had in his waistcoat pocket a large snuff-box, and the point of the bayonet passed through the lid, but not the bottom, so his life was saved. About thirty persons were killed or wounded, and were found dead or dying on the spot, besides others who had disappeared, some of whom were supposed to be drowned, and many others were hurt more or less severely.

"The next day the event was as if it had never happened. Such was the debasing terror of the people, that no inquiry was attempted to be made as to the instigators of the measure, or the number of victims they had sacrificed. The king has been acquitted by all; his habits and feelings were acknowledged to have been altogether repugnant to such a deed of blood. Some consider it an act of the Conde dos Arcos, whose

unrelenting severity had been already exercised on the insurgents of Pernambuco. He was sometime after dismissed from the situation he held in the government, and sent home to Portugal; and so odious did he become to the people, that they would not allow him to land at Bahia, where a short time before he had been so popular. Others, and the greater number of those I have conversed with, attribute it to Dom Pedro himself. When apprised of the proceedings of the electors, he hastened, they say, to the Campo de S^{ta}. Anna at midnight, and taking with him the regiment of caçadores, he sent them forward by the Rua d'Alfandega, and other streets which led to the Custom-house, with orders to disperse the meeting; the manner of doing it was their own sanguinary act. To whomever it is to be attributed, you will agree with me, that a more base and cowardly assassination was never perpetrated.

"Such was the horror conceived by the citizens at this event, that the place where it happened was totally abandoned. No merchant would afterwards enter the Exchange to transact any business, and it remained deserted like a haunted house, the perforated walls and blood-stained floors continuing for a long time melancholy memorials of the massacre. These were, however, at length removed, the walls were repaired and painted, and the whole again elegantly fitted up; still no one would enter it; and when I visited it, with a friend, to examine its localities, this fine hall was converted into an iron store, filled with all manner of lumber. Some of the doors and windows were bricked up; and the light and elegant building, which used to be daily crowded with all the respectable merchants of Rio, was then a dirty vault, frequented only by negroes, and filled with old iron." 193—200.

With this extract we must conclude our notice of Dr. Walsh's work for the present. The journey into the interior will be the subject of a future notice.

Field Sports of the North of Europe. By L. Lloyd, Esq. 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is a very entertaining work, and written moreover in an agreeable and modest spirit. The exploits of hunters, travellers, and others, whose chief claim to our admiration is founded on their physical achievements, are generally much marred in the telling by the monstrous egotism of the narrators. Here, on the contrary, we have only too little of the author's self. It is but natural to desire some knowledge of a man, who secludes himself for years in the interior wilds of Sweden, sharing a peasant's cottage and a peasant's comforts,—traversing the country on his sledge in all directions and in all seasons, wherever the traces of a wild animal were discoverable,—hunting down the fleetest beast of prey in a chase of some forty miles on the skidore or snow-skait by mere swiftness of foot, or meeting them "i' the mouth" with his unerring rifle,—bivouacking in the forest for several nights together under a temperature of twenty or thirty below zero; and yet, while thus, he

"Talks as familiarly [of bears and wolves]
As maids of fifteen do of puppy dogs;"

making, as it should seem, no pretensions to more than ordinary skill or ordinary courage.

The portion of these volumes that relate to the author's personal adventures, is by far the most entertaining and most agreeably told; otherwise the book is but a poor one. The statistical details of the Swedish kingdom are meagre, unamusing, and not always new. The simple and unpretending style, which so pleases us in the autobiographer, degenerates into carelessness and inanity when the subject is a powerful nation; in short, the work would have been ten-fold better, had its contents been rigidly limited

within the compass of its title. These volumes probably owe their existence to the advice of some friend, who represented to Mr. Lloyd that such curious information and perilous adventure ought not to be lost to the world; and then, as the dimensions of the work proved small, the additional chapters were thrown in for the gratification of the publisher, to swell it to a profitable bulk. The author justifies what matter he has introduced extraneous to field sports, by saying, that the information he gives may be useful to the traveller. If so, he should have revised it more carefully. At the outset of the work, occurs a comparison of English and Swedish weights and measures, calculated, as we are told, at considerable pains, and yet frequently incorrect. For example, an English mile is stated equal to 5416 Swedish feet; whereas strictly, it equals 5421.185 Swedish feet; and at least it would have been as easy, and more accurate, for our exact calculator to have stated it at 5420 as 5416.

But we hasten to give some idea of the real merits of these volumes. The whole history of the bear tribes is instructive and highly interesting, and seems to add many new facts to the information of naturalists on that subject. But of that, and of the excellent description of the skulls, the Scandinavian battue, or rather tinchel, but conducted on much more strict and scientific principles, our limits force us to say nothing. Of the size and power of this animal in the north, these extracts will give some idea.

"The Scandinavian bear, the male at least, (for the female is smaller,) occasionally attains to a very great size. Indeed, I myself killed one of these animals that weighed four hundred and sixty pounds; and as this was in the winter time, when, from his stomach being contracted, (which, as I have just now stated, is the case with those animals at that season of the year,) he was probably lighter by fifty or sixty pounds than he would have been during the autumnal months. Mr. Professor Nilsson states, that 'they attain to five hundred weight.' Mr. Falk, however, goes much farther; for he says, in his little pamphlet, that he once killed a bear in a *skall*, 'so uncommonly large, that when slung on a pole, ten men could with difficulty carry him a short distance.' He adds farther, 'His weight could not be precisely stated; but,' according to his opinion, and he had seen numbers of large and small bears, 'he weighed unflayed at least two skippons victuallic weight, or near seven hundred and fifty pounds English.'

"This bear, which was killed during the autumnal months, Mr. Falk described to have had so enormous a stomach as almost to resemble a cow in calf. This animal's skull, however, which is now in my possession, is not at all remarkable in point of size.

"He did not die tamely; for, after receiving several balls, he dashed at the cordon of people who encompassed him on all sides, and, according to the same author, severely wounded no less than seven of them in succession. 'One of the men he bit in thirty-seven different places, and so seriously in the head, that his brains were visible.' Though the people gallantly endeavoured to stop the progress of this monster, he broke through all opposition, and for the moment made his escape: very fortunately, however, a minute or two afterwards, Mr. Falk succeeded in putting him *hors de combat*.

"Though this bear was of so enormous a size, one of Mr. Falk's under-keepers, the most celebrated chasseur in that part of the country, who saw it, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak much hereafter, assured me he himself had killed one still larger, the skin of which was, by his account, of such an extraordinary size, that I am really afraid to repeat its dimensions. He added farther, that its fat alone weighed one hundred weight, and

that its *wrists* (in formation much resembling those of a human being) were of so great a thickness, that with his united hands, which were none of the smallest, he was unable to span either of them by upwards of an inch. This bear, however, he admitted, was very considerably larger than any other that he ever killed; indeed, by his account, it must have been a Daniel Lambert among his species.

"The powers of such animals as those of which I have just been speaking, must of course be tremendous; and it can, therefore, readily be imagined, that the inhabitants of Scandinavia have some little reason for the saying common among them, that the bear, together with the wit of one man, has the strength of ten. Some better idea of the prowess of a large bear may, however, be formed, when I state, on the authority of Mr. Falk, 'that several instances have occurred in Wermeland, within the last few years, of their climbing on to the roofs of cow-houses: these they have then torn off; and having thus gained admittance to the poor animals confined within, they slaughtered and actually carried them away by shoving, or lifting them through the aperture by which they themselves had entered.'

"I have heard of another bear, which, after being desperately wounded, ran at the man who fired at him, who took refuge behind a young tree; this the bear then embraced with his arms, thinking possibly it was his opponent he had got hold of: he was then, however, in his last agonies, and presently fell dead to the ground, tearing up the tree by the roots in his fall. 1. 96—98.

We give one little specimen of the bear's ferocity.

"The skull, to which this anecdote relates, and at which Captain Eurenus himself was present, took place about the year 1790, in the parish of Yestram, in the province of Wenersborg. It was conducted in the usual manner, every person having his proper position assigned to him: one man, however, an old soldier, who was attached to the hallet, or stationary division of the skull, thought proper to place himself in advance of the rest in a narrow defile, through which, from his knowledge of the country, he thought it probable the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture; for the animal soon afterwards made his appearance, and faced directly towards him. On this he levelled and attempted to discharge his piece; but, owing to the morning being wet, the priming had got damp, and the gun missed fire. The bear was now close upon him, though it is probable that, if he had stepped to the one side, he might still have escaped; but instead of adopting this prudent course, he attempted to drive the muzzle of his gun, to which, however, no bayonet was attached, down the throat of the enraged brute. This attack the bear parried with the skill of a fencing-master; when, after wresting the gun out of the hands of the man, he quickly laid him prostrate.

"All might still have ended well; for the bear, after smelling at his antagonist, who was lying motionless and holding his breath, as if he had been dead,† left him almost unhurt. The animal then went to the gun, which was only at two or three feet distance, and began to overhaul it with his paws. The poor soldier, however, who had brought his musket to the skull contrary to the orders of his officers, and knowing that if it was injured he should be severely punished, on seeing the apparent jeopardy in which it was placed, quietly stretched out his hand, and laid hold of one end of it, the

† By the concurrent testimony of every one, this is the most prudent course to adopt in the event of a person, who has no means of making resistance, being attacked by a bear. I have heard of several instances where people have escaped with very little injury.

bear having it fast by the other. On observing this movement, and that the man in consequence was alive, the bear again attacked him; when, seizing him with his teeth by the back of the head, as he was lying with his face to the ground, he tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upwards, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. The poor fellow, who knew that his safety depended upon his remaining motionless, kept as quiet as he was able; and the bear without doing him much farther injury, laid himself along his body.

"Whilst this was going forward, many of the people, and Captain Eurenus among the rest, suspected what had happened, hastened towards the spot, and advanced within twelve or fifteen paces of the scene of action; here they found the bear still lying upon the body of the unfortunate man: sometimes the animal was occupying himself in licking the blood from his bare skull, and at others in eyeing the people:—all, however, were afraid to fire, thinking either that they might hit the man, or that, even if they killed the bear, he might in his last agonies still farther mutilate the poor sufferer. In this position, Captain Eurenus asserted that the soldier and the bear remained for a considerable time, until at last the latter quitted his victim and slowly began to retreat, when a tremendous fire being opened upon him, he instantly fell dead.

"On hearing the shots, the poor soldier jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face so as completely to blind him; when, throwing it back with his hands, he ran towards his comrades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, 'The bear, the bear!'

"The mischief, however, was done, and was irreparable. The only assistance he could receive was rendered to him by a surgeon, who happened to be present, and who severed the little skin which connected the scalp with the forehead, and then dressed the wound in the best manner he was able. The scalp, when separated from the head, Captain Eurenus described as exactly resembling a *peruke*.

"In one sense, the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier. At this time every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, and he in consequence, being now without any, immediately got his discharge." i. 197—200.

The anecdotes of wolves are not less horribly interesting. We extract one from among many.

"The following circumstance, showing the savage nature of the wolf, and interesting in more than one point of view, was related to me by a gentleman of rank attached to the embassy at St. Petersburg; it occurred in Russia some few years ago.

"A woman, accompanied by three of her children, were one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this, she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and, at last, were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner.

"Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she

related what had happened, and endeavoured to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live.

"This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon." ii. 173-4.

We have not given in our extracts any personal adventures of the author, notwithstanding our previous commendation. Our reason is, that each being a sort of small epic in itself, containing, first, the finding of the bear, the most important and difficult part of the proceeding, the varied adventures of the hunt, and then the breathless anxiety and peril of the death, would be quite marred by garbled extracts. We must extract, however, an account of one of his winter bivouacks.

"In the first place, we looked out for a situation sheltered from the wind. We then sought for a moderately-sized tree, that had so far undergone the process of decay as to be perfectly dry. It was necessary, nevertheless, that the trunk should be quite sound, which was easily ascertained by striking it with the back of an axe; as, had it been rotten, it would have been consumed too rapidly. A green tree would not have answered the required purpose, as it would never have ignited properly. It was necessary, also, that the tree should be a Scotch fir (tall), as the spruce (gran) burns very indifferently.

"When we had met with such a tree as answered our purpose, which was after the lapse of a few minutes, there being abundance that are suitable in the Northern forests, one or more of the people quickly levelled it with the ground. As it was in the act of falling, however, we took care to give it such a direction as was most suitable for our bivouack.

"We now chopped a log of about eight or ten feet in length from the thicker end of the tree; this we then laid longitudinally along the latter; by means however of two pieces of wood, of about the thickness of a man's arm, placed transversely, we kept them a little apart from each other; prior to elevating the log on to the prostrate tree, we jagged the edge of either of them that were to come in contact, that they might ignite the better.

"The uppermost log was without support; to prevent it, therefore, from falling during the night, which might have been attended with very awkward results, a small pine, with its thicker end resting on the ground, was placed across it, at about an angle of forty-five; the weight of this kept all steady, and guarded against the possibility of accident. To make assurance doubly sure, indeed, we sometimes fastened this tree in its proper position with a wooden pin.

"Whilst this was going on, one or more of the party was occupied in removing and trampling down the snow, on either side of the logs, and in strewing the space thus in a manner cleared, with an abundance of pine branches; they placed others of these at the back of our bivouack, which served as well for pillars, as to protect us, in some degree, from the wind and weather.

"Bundles of lighted sticks were now introduced between the logs; a space of two or three inches, at I have said, having been left for that purpose, so that, in the course of a short time, we had a most comfortable fire.

"Our knapsacks were now put in requisition; and as our rifles had produced us, on our way to the ring, a bird or two, we were enabled, though with very rude cookery, to enjoy a comfortable repast. On this, as on many similar

occasions, I had a small coffee-pot along with me. I used to think a cup of that delicious beverage a greater luxury after exercise than the finest viands.

"When our meal was finished, pipes were produced; and as by this time the people were in some degree recovered from their fatigues, the laugh, the joke, the song, and the brandy-bottle, went round.

"After the lapse of an hour or two, when our drowsy eyelids told us it was bed-time, we reclined on our couch, and resigned ourselves into the arms of Morpheus.

"When I first visited Scandinavia, I sometimes carried a light blanket when on any little expedition into the forest; but, from finding this a great incumbrance, and that I could manage very well without it, I subsequently seldom took it along with me. On this particular occasion, I little needed it, as the weather was moderate, the quicksilver being only four or five degrees below zero.

"The night was very fine, and the stars shone with great brilliancy. In the Northern parts of Scandinavia, indeed, those luminaries and the moon oftentimes shine with so much lustre, that, together with the reflection from the snow, a person is enabled, even in the depth of winter, to read the smallest print at midnight.

"Though it took us about an hour to prepare our bivouack, when once completed, all trouble was at an end; for, instead of having to watch and replenish the fire continually, as would have been the case if it had been got up in the common manner, from the thickness of the logs, and the consequent slow action of the fire, the wood continued burning, and even throwing out a great additional degree of heat during the whole of the night. This was not the only advantage; for, owing to the fire being a little elevated from the ground, an equal degree of warmth was distributed over the whole body.

"This plan of bivouacking was the most admirable I ever saw; for if the situation was sheltered, a person seldom suffers to any very serious extent from the cold. I speak this from some experience, as at different times I have lain in the forest when the temperature has been rather severe.

"Wind, or a snow-storm, are the evils to be dreaded; for in such cases a person can only partially protect himself from the effects of either one or the other.

"After being very warm, I have felt the cold to some extent, when I have thus had to bivouack on the snow. I remember once I was so much heated after a severe chase, that when we got up a fire, soon after dark, my clothes were nearly as wet as if I had been in a pond; so much so, indeed, that, in unbuttoning my coat, the back part of it immediately froze into a sheet of ice. The quicksilver was then twenty-two degrees below zero, or fifty-four beneath the point of congelation. I had, however, no other canopy for the night than the starry vault of heaven, and no other covering than my usual clothes." ii. 230—34.

On the whole, we strongly recommend this work to all readers, as containing much instruction and more amusement. The plates are indifferently executed, but greatly assist the comprehension of the descriptive parts.

A Memoir of the Rev. Alexander Waugh, D.D.
By the Rev. James Hay, A.M., and the Rev.
H. Belfrage, D.D. 8vo. London, 1830.
Hamilton and Co.

MEMOIRS of men who have been distinguished in the religious rather than in the literary or political world, fall but seldom within the scope of this journal; for, however useful and meritorious may have been the labours of such individuals, the incidents of their lives, and the

objects in which they have been chiefly occupied, are not generally such as it would be fitting to intermix indiscriminately with the less serious materials which necessarily occupy a large proportion of our columns. Besides this, it too frequently happens that the compilers of religious memoirs are persons more remarkable for pious feelings, than purity of style, or elegance of taste; and the consequence is, that no small portion of such works, interesting perhaps in other respects, are rendered unpalatable, if not offensive, even to religious minds, by the tinge of sectarian cant and tabernacle twaddle with which they are unhappily debased. While, however, we are constrained to pass this harsh censure on no inconsiderable portion of the religious biography of the day, we are far from denying that there are many meritorious exceptions, which it would be easy to enumerate, did leisure and space admit of it. Perchance we may revert to this subject, more at length, on some convenient occasion; for the present we must confine our notice strictly to the work before us.

The memoir of Dr. Waugh, if not entirely exempt from some of the peculiarities of style which still occasionally distinguish the Scottish Presbyterian pastors of the old school, (and such, it appears, are the compilers of this biography,) is nevertheless an extremely well-written and interesting work. It is couched in plain, earnest, impressive language; free from cant, from enthusiasm, from affectation. Its spirit is of the best and healthiest sort. The piety it exemplifies and inculcates is rational, yet ardent; "grave but not gloomy;" breathing love to God, and affection and charity towards all of human kind. Such was Dr. Waugh's own character, and in the volume before us it is reflected as in a mirror, if not with all the living brightness, yet with all the impressive truth and beauty of a genuine portrait.

But perhaps some of our readers may inquire "Who was Dr. Waugh? was he eminent as a theologian? as a politician? or as a literary character in any branch?" No: in none of these departments was he distinguished; yet was he enabled to exert in his day an influence of very wide extent, and of high importance to religion and humanity. He was a man of indefatigable and unbounded philanthropy. He was also a very popular preacher, and a most exemplary Christian pastor; but his great distinction as a public character, was that of a Christian philanthropist. He was one of the chief founders and supporters of the London Missionary Society, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of the Scottish Hospital, the Hibernian, and numerous others. "Where," says one of his meritorious associates in these labours of beneficence,—"Where, in this vast metropolis, shall we find an individual who combined so much that was energetic in action, with so much that was kind and conciliatory in disposition and social intercourse? Where shall we find one institution, formed either to relieve the mere distresses of the body, or to alleviate the more painful maladies of the mind, that did not benefit, and that materially, by his public advocacy or by the weight of his private character and influence? He was the habitual friend and unwearied supporter of hospitals, schools, penitentiaries, and of every other humane undertaking which went to diminish the amount of national misery and crime, and to augment the sum of national virtue and happiness."

The plan and purpose of the memoir is to delineate the course of this good man through his early life, his pastoral ministry for forty-five years in London, his labours in connexion with public institutions, his character as a friend, and in domestic relations, and his conduct in affliction and death. To a considerable extent he is made his own biographer, by means of his private

diary, his correspondence, and occasional journals. These form the most attractive portions of the book, and we shall extract one or two specimens, premising, in explanation of what follows, that Dr. Waugh was a native of Berwickshire, and received the rudiments of his education at the secluded village of Earlstoun, in the vicinity of Melrose, and of other scenes of border story and poetical renown. The following is from his diary:—

"I recollect the friendships of youth with reverence. They are the embraces of the heart of man ere vice has polluted or interest diverted its operations. In the churchyard of Earlstoun lies the friend of my youth. John Anderson was a young man of the gentlest manners and of unaffected piety. Often, when the public service of the church was over, have we wandered amidst the broom of Cowdenknowes, and talked of the power of that Being by whose hands the foundations of the mountains we beheld were laid, and by whose pencil the lovely scene around us was drawn, and by whose breath the flowers among our feet were perfumed. On our knees have we many a time in succession lifted up our hearts to him for knowledge, for pardon, for the formation of his image in the soul. We looked forward to the days of coming prosperity, and fondly hoped it might please God that, hand in hand, we should pass through life to that world we were taught to love and aspire after. But Heaven thought otherwise, and by a consumption carried my friend to the grave in the bloom of life. I cannot, even at this distance of time, read his letters, but the recollection of the past overcomes my soul to weakness.

"John Anderson had a sister: if ever piety and mildness of soul, with most becoming softness, inhabited a female form, it was the form of that excellent young woman. Through solicitude about her brother, she caught his disorder. I hurried to Earlstoun the moment I heard of her danger: she made an effort to rise up to receive me. 'My brother, my brother, he whom you so loved, is gone! I heard the tramping of the horses' feet as his funeral passed by the door. I shall soon be with him. My God will supply all my wants out of his fulness in glory by Christ Jesus.' Her strength was spent;—in four days after, I held the cord which let her down into the grave. She was buried in the grave adjoining to her brother's, and but ten days after his interment. 'They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.' They were the boast of the village. Their memory is still fragrant; reproach could not sully their fair character; I do not remember of an enemy they ever had. Their religion was truly like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Farewell, my earliest friend! I will hold up your image to my heart, and trace on my own the sincerity, friendship, love, and goodness of yours." p. 27—29.

The following extract from a letter to an old friend, is in the same delightful vein of simplicity and tenderness:—

"My last visit to Earlstoun was darkened with many painful recollections. The Black Hill stood as before; but the dear lads that assisted me in robbing the hawk's nest in the precipitous crag on its north side, were all silent in the narrow house; the pools of water in the Leader, where we fished and bathed, were the same; Rhymer's Tower, though much dilapidated, remained,—the spacious room, in which 'the hare kitted on the hearthstane,' and where I have spent many a romantic hour, was fallen down in ruins; Gledswood-bank, the Gateheugh, Holywell, and auld Melrose, the hallowed abode of St. Cuthbert—all remained; but the companions of my youthful gambols and excursions—alas! I stood over their graves in Earlstoun churchyard! The train of thinking which such recollections awaken, I know is deemed child-

ish; but I feel it soften my heart, and teach me to look beyond these transient and endeared scenes of early days. Such recollections bring no remorse with them."

The following anecdote is given in illustration of his winning suavity as chairman of the Examination Committee of the London Missionary Society, in which he presided for many years.

"A pious young man, who was desirous of devoting himself to the work of the ministry among the heathen, and had been recommended with that view to the committee of the London Missionary Society, on undergoing the usual examination, stated that he had one difficulty; he had an aged mother entirely dependent upon an elder brother and himself for maintenance; and in case of that brother's death he should wish to be at liberty to return to this country, if his mother were still living, to contribute to her support. Scarcely had he made this ingenious statement, when a harsh voice exclaimed: 'If you love your mother more than the Lord Jesus Christ, you will not do for us. Abashed and confounded, the young man was silent. Some murmurs escaped the committee; and he was directed to retire while his proposal was taken into consideration. On his being again sent for, the venerable chairman (Dr. Waugh), in tones of unaffected kindness, and with a patriarchal benignity of mien, acquainted him that the committee did not feel themselves authorized to accept of his services on a condition involving uncertainty as to the term; but immediately added: 'We think none the worse of you, my good lad, for your dutiful regard for your aged parent. You are but acting in conformity to the example of Him whose Gospel you wished to proclaim among the heathen, who, as he hung upon the cross in dying agonies, beholding his mother and the beloved disciple standing by, said to the one, "Woman, behold thy son!" and to John, "Behold thy mother!" My good lad, we think none the worse of you.'

"He had a happy talent," says his biographer, "of interposing a jocular anecdote to terminate a debate that was kindling irritation, or to divert into a strain more agreeable to the company the conversation that was maintained by two disputants, to the disgust or annoyance of others. Thus, in a party some one was objecting to church establishments, that there was nothing in them specially to attract those spiritual influences which were the object of all Christian institutions. Dr. Waugh was friendly to establishments; but not wishing to engage in the controversy, in the circumstances in which he was then placed, he put an end to it by the following jocular anecdote, which set all in good humour. 'Weel, it may be so,' he said. 'I remember when I returned home at the vacation of Earlstoun school, I frequently went out to the muir to have some talk with my father's shepherd, a dounce, talkative, and wise man in his way; and he told me, a wondering boy, a great many things I never had read in my school-books. For instance, about the Tower of Babel, that

'Seven mile sank, and seven mile fell
And seven mile still stands, and evermair sail.'

"And about the craws, (there were aye plenty of craws about Gordon Muir, and I often wondered what they got to live on), that they aye lay the first stick of their nests on Candlemas-day; and that some of them that big their nests in rocks and cliffs have siccan skill of the wind, that if it is to blaw mainly frae the east in the following spring, they are sure to build their nests on what will be the beildy side; and mony a ane that notices it can tell frae that the airth the wind will blaw. After expressing my admiring belief of this, I thought, as I had begun Latin, and was therefore a clever chield, that I wadna let the herd run away wi' a' the learning.

It was at the time when the alteration of the style had not ceased to cause great grief and displeasure to many of the good old people in Scotland; and I knew the herd was a zealous opponent of the change, so I slyly asked him, 'Do the crows count Candlemas by the new or old style?' He replied, with great indignation, 'D'ye think the crows care for your acts of parliament?'

His biographers, in delineating his social character, have given us a portrait of great moral beauty. We can only afford space for a few brief passages:—

"In general society he was distinguished by an urbanity and kindness which drew all hearts to him: he was the life of every company into which he came; not by forgetting the decorum due to the sacred office, but simply by the Christian amenity of his manners, by his frank and playful disposition, and by the condescending regard which he paid to the comfort and wishes, and even supposed feelings, of all around him. His nature and his principles alike taught him to be happy and to make happy. He had his own personal trials, in addition to many fluctuations of religious experience; but a serene and cheerful light seemed ever to irradiate that open and generous countenance, which was but a faint index of a heart which had drunk deeply into that peace of God which passeth all understanding. And how much was there in his society to inform, to improve, and to leave an impression of the happiest order!—his wit, his genius, his nationality, his general knowledge of men and things, were all consecrated to the good of those with whom he associated. There was a port and bearing about his mind which constituted him a master-spirit wherever he went; and yet all his intellectual qualities were so blended with the exercise of the heart, and with the lovely graces of Christianity, that every one who knew him was ready to claim him as a father and a friend."

"* * * 'It was impossible,' says Dr. Philip, 'to have been in the company of Dr. Waugh, and not have felt an irresistible and all-subduing charm in his conversation which instantly attracted you to the man. I never met a man of genius who had been introduced to him, even though he had seen him but once, who did not, when his name was mentioned, recur to the interview with a glow of heartfelt delight.' * * *

"It has been truly said, that among different denominations of Christians he was a kind of holy link, uniting them together, and compelling them to feel as brethren. Uninfluenced by name or party, he cultivated union among all the disciples of the Lord Jesus, and valued far less the polity of particular churches than he did that spirit of open generous love which he contemplated as essential to the true Christian character. * * *

"While he was a great enemy to evil speaking, he possessed a most happy mode of checking it. Being in company with a number of ministers, the bad conduct of a brother in the ministry became the subject of conversation, and every gentleman in the room joined warmly in condemning him. Dr. Waugh sat for a time silent. At last he walked up to his companions and said, 'My dear friends, surely we are not acting in accordance with our profession. The person you speak of is one of ourselves, and we ought not to blow the coal. But do you know that he is as bad a man as he is represented? and if he is, will railing against him do him any good? It is cowardly to speak ill of a man behind his back; and I doubt if any of us would have sufficient courage, if our poor friend were to appear among us, to sit down and kindly tell him of his faults. If there be one here who feels himself quite pure and free from error, let him throw the first stone; but if not, let us be silent: and I confess that I feel that I must not say one word.' He resumed his seat, and the company

looked at each other, struck silent by this rebuke from one so good and mild."

The volume contains much interesting matter, to which we can scarcely even allude: such as the journals and notices of Dr. Waugh's missionary tour through almost every part of the United Kingdom, and also on the continent; his correspondence, pastoral, friendly, and parental, breathing the finest spirit of cheerful kindness and Christian wisdom; his domestic character and deportment, as depicted with touching simplicity and tenderness by two of his own family; specimens of his pulpit eloquence, &c. But we must now close with another characteristic anecdote. One of his sons was applying for a public situation, which would have been of very great importance to him, and which it was thought the interest of Mr. Wilberforce could have secured; and as Dr. Waugh had long been honoured with the friendship of that excellent man, his family strongly urged that he should apply to him. But he decidedly refused, and on the following ground:—"That good man," said he, "is one of the props that God hath put in my way for the support of my poor widows and orphans: and for their sakes, I dare not risk the shaking of his faith in the singleness of my appeals."

Walter Colyton; *A Tale of 1688*. By the Author of "Brambletye House," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

"Walter Colyton" will not add to the reputation of the author of "Brambletye House." It has little to recommend it but an easy and flowing style, and a few noble and generous sentiments scattered here and there through the volumes. It contains no forcible writing, no vivid descriptions; the incidents want originality, and oftentimes effect; the characters throughout are feebly drawn, some of them are out of nature in their general design, and some out of keeping in their detail, while others are merely weak imitations from the works of other novelists. We have an absent book-worm, for instance—a bastard Dominie Sampson, with the very halting substitution of "Amazing! Amazing!" for the well-known popular and effective exclamation, "Prodigious!" A young farmer's daughter, who goes to London from Somersetshire, and in an interview with the King obtains a pardon for a culprit condemned to die, will seem to most readers, little better than a plagiarist from "The Heart of Mid Lothian." Who will not think of Frank Osbaldiston and Die Vernon, as he reads the scene before a half-seas-over justice, in which a gentleman, after having jogged on in company with a stranger on the road, is about to be committed as a thief, while a smart young lady cuts her gibes on the worshipful magistrate? Two young ladies of opposite complexion and character, falling in love with a handsome and noble rebel, whom they shelter, screen and tend on a sick bed, is at best but a slight variation of a similar incident in "The Pastor's Fireside."

But Walter Colyton contains faults more positive than those we have mentioned. It presents most glaring examples of vile taste; as an instance of this, we would quote the unfeeling brutality of a father,—represented, it is true, as a selfish *bon-vivant* country squire, but in other respects, by no means a demon,—which seems to us altogether inconsistent and unnatural. The second night after his son had been laid in his grave, his lady is startled by an apparition (subsequently accounted for) which she mistakes for the ghost of her son: this adventure gives rise to the following reasoning on the part of the father. "Why should not our poor boy remain quietly in his grave? * * *

He was regularly attended till he died, by Mr. Vervain. Dr. Brown came over to see him twice a week from Bridgewater, at no small

expense; he had every word of the usual service read over him by parson Hewlett; he can have no sins to answer for in the other world, no secrets to reveal in this; and I am quite sure therefore, that he would not do anything so unhandsome as to come and worry and frighten all his friends that were so kind to him, especially at this moment when we are beginning to get comfortable again, and going to have our great brewing and all, I am sure I should consider it very undutiful of him were he to attempt anything of the sort!" We pretend not to know what other people may think of this, but were it not for its puerility, we should call it monstrous and shocking—a gratuitous exhibition of the most wretched taste,—perfectly uncalled for by the necessity of sustaining the consistency of the character in whose mouth the expressions are placed. What shall we say moreover to such language as the following, from the lips of a young pale-faced lady, whose morbid sensibility threatens to be the death of her?—"Oh the base, low-minded, sordid, dastardly villain!" vol. iii. p. 18; or again, p. 25, "When I think of him as one who *aspires* to become my husband, an irrepressible rage seems to fire my very brain, and my heart, my gorge heaves with an unutterable loathing and abhorrence."

But we have not yet done with instances of Mr. Smith's bad taste. The following colloquy between a father and daughter is almost equally coarse, although in a different manner. The passage explains itself: to heighten its absurdity, however, it may be mentioned that the daughter is to be considered as entertaining a high respect for her parent.

"Her conjectures were here cut short, for the door was thrown open, and the Groom of the Chambers announced Sir Charles Sedley, to the utter amazement of the Countess, who had never received a visit from him since she had obtained her title, and occupied her present mansion. 'Sir Charles Sedley! my Father!' she exclaimed, as the colour rushed over her face—'Morlay, you may withdraw!'

"This order was immediately obeyed; the door was closed; Sir Charles, bowing with the consummate courtesy that never deserted him, drew a chair, adjusted his cravat, and there was an embarrassed silence of a few seconds, which the lady was the first to break by resuming—'This is an unexpected honour, but indeed, indeed Sir, I am most happy to see you.'

"'I wish I could truly say as much!' replied Sir Charles. 'As my daughter,—as Catherine Sedley, I shall ever be glad to see you; but as the Countess of Dorchester, as the King's mistress, tricked out in these meretricious ornaments, and inhabiting this gorgeous mansion, I can have little pleasure and less honour in beholding you.'

"'And is it for the purpose of this flattering communication that I have been favoured with a visit?' inquired the Countess, nettled at the epithet he had applied to her jewels.

"'No, Madam; my opinion of your past conduct, my sense of your present degradation, are too well known to need repetition; the stain you have brought upon the name of Sedley cannot be altogether expunged, but the tears of repentance may wash out the blackness of its dye, and leave it of a fainter hue. If you cannot retrace your steps, you may at least halt in your disgraceful career; if you cannot affirm that you never strayed from the paths of virtue, you may claim the merit of not persevering to the last in the ways of vice.'

"'Perfectly true, Sir, though not quite original; for, if I mistake not, I remember to have read as much in my horn-book. Nor may my career be altogether an useless, though you are pleased to designate it as a disgraceful one, since I flatter myself that I am actuated by motives, which, if they cannot redeem, may in

some degree extenuate it. My influence with the King has never been unworthily exerted, and in my anxiety to save him from error, I have often hazarded the loss of his favour. Despising as much as you do the pernicious monks who hoodwink and misguide him, I have importunately admonished him against their machinations, often and earnestly warning him that his blind tyrannical zeal for Popery is more likely to make his subjects rebels than converts. If to have discharged this public duty openly, fearlessly, and incessantly, be any atonement for my private misconduct, it is an expiatory merit that I may honestly claim; nor can the failure of my counsels detract from the courage and sincerity,—nay, I will say from the patriotism, that prompted them.

“An Esther, yea, verily, a second Esther, who becomes a royal concubine, that she may save the Protestants, as her predecessor delivered the Jews! Nay, Madam, if you wanted a heroine to imitate, I could have recommended to you a Christian prototype of our own days; I could have brought to your notice, the example of Madame de la Valière, the late mistress of the French King, who, renouncing her splendid infamy, retired into a Convent of Carmelites, assumed the name of the Sister Louisa of Mercy, wore hair-cloth, walked barefoot, and sung whole nights long in the choir,—a life of austerity which she still continues to practise as some atonement for her past misconduct. Our habits and our religion alike reject this severity of discipline; but you might break off your disreputable commerce with the King; you might abandon this stately mansion that gives you shame rather than distinction; in the retirement of private life, or beneath your father's roof, whose house in that event would be gladly opened to you, you might by your future propriety and decorum, recover some portion of the good opinion which you have forfeited; and though you can never make your odious title an honour, you might henceforth so conduct yourself as to be an honour to your title.”

“When, like Madame de la Valière, I have lost the affections of my royal lover, I may perhaps follow her example, and boast that I have abandoned my sins because *they* have deserted me. It is an old stratagem, and may succeed when the devil can be cheated, but not before.”

“If you are not to be influenced by moral considerations, and a sense of your dishonour, you might at least evince some regard for your own interests. You cannot but be aware, for you were never deficient in penetration, that a crisis, a convulsion is approaching, in which it is by no means improbable that your royal lover, as you unblushingly call him, may lose the crown he has so unequivocally shown that he knows not how to wear. Your lease of his favour cannot be of long duration; wait not to be repudiated, discarded, thrown aside as a plaything of which he is tired, or a part of his private establishment which he can no longer afford to maintain, but quit him while there is yet grace in doing so; assume a virtue, if you have it not, and while none but the purest motives can be attributed to your conduct, it will at the same time be consistent with every consideration of policy and prudence.”

“Never, Sir, never!” exclaimed the Countess indignantly.—“What! desert my benefactor at his approaching hour of need! Reform and purify my past life by present ingratitude, treachery, and dissimulation! Become a hypocrite, and pretend compunctious visitings of conscience, because my career of error may soon cease to be a profitable one! Recover my fair fame and integrity, by adding to the number of my misdeeds! Your dirty shoes, Sir, may be cleaned by blacking [we were not aware that Day and Martin were in vogue at the Court of James];

but your sullied daughter, if such she be, cannot be purified by soiling herself with this additional foulness.”

“O Madam; I cry your mercy,” said Sir Charles, in a taunting sarcastic tone.—“I came not to bandy tropes and illustrations with the witty Catherine Sedley, but to reclaim, if possible, the licentious and impenitent Countess of Dorchester. I stand rebuked: I should not have taken such a liberty: for even if I forgot the reverence and submission due from a father to his child, I should have remembered my inferior rank—that I am but an honest Baronet in the presence of a dishonest Peeress. Those flaunting jewels, this sumptuous mansion, your train of gorgeous lackeys, all should have reminded me that I had the honour of being in the house of Dalilah, and of addressing a royal concubine, who must naturally consider it an insult, when I presume to recommend to her notice the sacred obligations of morality, religion, and filial obedience.” ii. 308—15.

Notwithstanding, however, that Mr. Horace Smith's tale is deficient in invention, and abounds in examples of sorry taste, of more than one kind, it is not without several redeeming qualities. Amongst the most conspicuous of these, are numerous specimens of very pretty writing, and some unexpected denouements. From the latter class, we select the following scene as one of the most interesting. We might choose passages possessing more point and more originality, but to most of these it is to be objected, that they are accompanied by extravagances and improbabilities, which destroy the interest they might excite were they more dextrously managed. For the better understanding of our extract, we premise that the two ladies, who figure in it, without being rivals, are passionately enamoured of the same object. This may appear an enigma to our fair readers: it is a riddle, however, for the solution of which we beg to refer to the novel itself. We should be sorry, by letting them any further into the secret, to destroy any of the interest they will take in the perusal of it. The prisoner, it should be added, is a conspirator against James II., in favour of William and Mary; and the event is supposed to take place a day or two before the landing in Torbay:—

“Once decided as to their scheme, they carried it into effect with the utmost promptitude and alacrity, taking care not to incur the risk of defeating their project by imparting it to any one. Travelling to Exeter, where they arrived without accident, Agatha equipped herself in the dress that had been agreed upon, when they proceeded in a carriage, with throbbing but resolved hearts, to the gate of the prison. Here Edith, stating herself to be deeply interested in the fate of the prisoner, requested permission to see him, enforcing her application by a handsome *douceur*, which the turnkey pocketed without the smallest hesitation, but declared that he could do nothing without a special order from the Governor, to whom he would communicate their wishes. So agonizing was their suspense, during his absence upon this errand, that neither of them could utter a word, though their looks sufficiently revealed to one another their mutual and intense anxiety. Some minutes elapsed before the man returned with the welcome tidings that as they were women, he was ordered to admit them; an indulgence which would not have been granted had they been of the other sex. At this moment Edith's heart thrilled so violently, while her knees trembled beneath her, that she had considerable difficulty in supporting herself; but she leaned upon the arm of her pretended maid, and tottered forwards along a gloomy passage, terminating in a small court-yard pierced on each side by a massive, heavily-secured door. One of these their conductor unlocked, drawing back bolt and bar

with a harsh sound that seemed to grate upon the hearts of his auditors. They passed into an ante-room, when a second door being unfastened with the same clanking dissonance, the turnkey, whose bribe had really disposed him to be civil, told them that if they walked in, they would find their friend in a comfortable chamber, floored and wainscoted, whereas all the others were of stone. ‘The gentleman's not likely to want it more than a few days, but he might as well be snug as not,’ added the man, with which words he pulled back the door and withdrew, shutting the outer gate after him.

“Forester, who was seated at a table reading, did not at first remove his eyes from the book, imagining that the door had been opened by the turnkey, merely to bring him his customary meal; but when he heard the sound of hands clasped together, accompanied by a profound sigh, he looked up, and starting instantly upon his feet, ejaculated—‘Gracious Heaven! what do I see? may I believe the evidence of my senses? Miss Colyton here! Ha! and my beloved Agatha too, in vain endeavouring to conceal her noble features and commanding figure beneath those humble trappings! Oh my preservers, my nurses, my deliverers, my benefactresses! Oh most brave and gentle, most generous and lovely of your sex! why have ye thus exposed yourselves to peril,—why have ye sought me out in this abode of guilt and wretchedness?’

“‘Hush! hush!’ whispered Edith, whose acute senses were all upon the alert—‘speak not so loud—we may be overheard—we are come to liberate you, you must instantly comply with our wishes—I have sworn to extricate you—to accomplish your union with Agatha, *or to die!*’ Although her tone was subdued, she delivered the last words with an energy that showed her to be desperately resolved upon her purpose; but as Forester threw back his cloak, disclosing the chains with which his wrists were bound, she fixed her straining eyes upon the manacles, shuddered all over, and gaspingly murmured, as she pressed her hand upon her panting bosom, ‘My heart! my heart! O God! this is a horrible sight!’

“‘These chains cannot fetter my free spirit,’ said Forester, calmly extending his arms; ‘my soul can spread its wings and fly in spite of these iron fetters, nor can all their bolts, and bars, and walls of stone, prevent my mind from soaring to those blessed regions where the assembled champions and martyrs of liberty will receive me with rejoicing paeans as the sworn enemy of tyrants, and one of the brother heirs of immortal fame.’

“‘This heroic enthusiasm is worthy of yourself,’ said Agatha; ‘but England has need of your life and liberty; she demands the services of her best and noblest patriot, and we have solemnly pledged ourselves to set you free. Quick, quick, we have not a moment to lose; put on this disguise, draw the cloak around you so as to conceal your fetters, and cover your face with the hood, as I did purposely on entering. Let Edith lean upon your arm as you go out,—you will find a carriage in waiting which will bear you rapidly away from Exeter, and for your subsequent safety you must depend upon your own dexterity and resources.’

“‘What! extricate myself at your expense! fly, and leave you to the vengeance of an infuriated tyrant! Never—never!’

“‘Forester! you have avowed a preference, an ardent attachment for me; you have professed the deepest gratitude for my trifling services—show it by complying with this my first and only request. Often have you escaped before; why should you hesitate now?’

“‘My life has been heretofore wanted for my country, that I might advocate and mature the great and glorious work of her emancipation.

That is now fully prepared—upon this very coast will a powerful army be shortly landed, which, I trust, will quickly restore her liberties; but much must still depend upon the co-operation of the English themselves. If I escape, I must lie concealed; I can do nothing farther in kindling the holy flame of liberty, in exciting my countrymen to join the Liberator's standard. At my trial, on the contrary, thousands shall hear my spirit-stirring appeal as I solemnly call upon them to rise against the tyrant; at my execution tens of thousands will surround me; then, then will I shout out with a sound of thunder, 'To your tents, O Israel!' then shall my voice, like a mighty trumpet, blow a thrilling blast that shall electrify every heart, brace every arm, encourage every hearer to rise up against the oppressor, and in this way shall my death be incalculably more beneficial to the glorious cause of liberty than would be my life, even if I could succeed in preserving it by your generous proposal.

"Forester, if my affections are of any value in your eyes, I repeat to you, that they must depend upon your compliance with my request. O my noble-hearted friend! yield, yield to our united wishes, I implore—I entreat it. Would you, in your patriotic enthusiasm, sacrifice both yourself and us to the vain ambition of becoming a martyr?"

"Yes, all, all in such a cause. Life, indeed, with the possession of Agatha Shelton, would make this earth a heaven: but even that hope, entrancing as it is, am I prepared to sacrifice for my country."

"Let me, then, speak to this obdurate and intractable man," cried Edith, who had listened to their colloquy with a breathless anxiety. "Stanley Forester! you know that I have risked my own life to save yours; my brother has done the same; you have even now called me your preserver, your nurse, your deliverer. Behold me a supplicant at your feet. Here on my knees, that never yet were bent to any mortal but yourself, do I beseech you by the love you profess for Agatha, by the gratitude you owe to me, by the duty you owe to yourself, to grant our suit, to put on this disguise, and accompany me instantly from the prison." She remained kneeling at his feet, her uplifted hands clasped together, her locks shaking as every feature trembled with emotion, her eager eyes fixed imploringly upon his face.

"Why, why am I exposed to this harrowing trial?" said Forester, mournfully. "This indeed is the bitterest part of death, but I cannot meanly implicate you and Agatha; my public duty must be performed; my country calls for my life, and I must not, cannot, will not prove a recreant in this crisis of her doom. Agatha! Edith! this is my fiat—it is immutable, and I implore you, therefore, to leave me to my fate."

"Suddenly starting up, with flashing eyes and an inflamed countenance, Edith recoiled to the side of the room, and drawing a concealed dagger from her clothes, exclaimed, in a voice of desperation, 'Hear me, then, Forester! I told you that I had sworn to deliver you or to perish, and I will now fulfil my vow. Promise solemnly to comply with my wishes, promise to make the attempt at escaping, or I will stab myself to the heart before your face, and render you accountable for my death as well as your own. Nay, stir not a step. Agatha, I command you to keep aloof. If either of you move from your position in the hope of disarming me, I will instantly plunge the steel into my heart.'

"At this moment the wainscot-panel against which she was standing suddenly flew back, the governor of the prison, who had concealed himself behind it for the purpose of overhearing the conversation, seized her uplifted arm, and stepping into the room, exclaimed, 'Come, come, my young virago, we will have none of these

tragedy doings here, so give up your weapon. How! do you resist? Was ever such a passionate little termagant!" Edith struggled vehemently, but she was like a dove in the talons of the eagle; the dagger was wrrenched from her grasp, and the exhausted girl, whose mind had been completely overwrought, sunk upon the floor in a violent fit of hysterics.

"I suspected some devil's plot or another the moment I heard two women were at the gate," resumed the governor, addressing himself to Agatha. "I only gave you admittance for the purpose of discovering it, and you may now see why I have accommodated your friend with a wainscoted room. Come, Madam, Miss, or Molly, whichever you may be, troop off, troop, I say! and reckon yourself lucky that I don't give you a taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails for your pains. Master Forester's a slippery customer, I know; but if he gets out of this prison, afore he goes to be hanged, and that won't be long first, my name isn't Giles Hatch, that's all."

"With these words he blew a whistle, when the turnkey and his assistant entered the room, and taking up the unconscious Edith in their arms, carried her off. Agatha, who had been supporting and assisting her friend, was sternly ordered to follow, a mandate which the struggle of irrepressible emotions would hardly allow her to obey. Her whole frame trembled violently, convulsive sobs threatened to suffocate her, she dared not trust herself to look at Forester, but stretching her hand towards him, endeavoured, although in vain, to pronounce an eternal adieu." iii. 206—16.

The historical events on which Walter Colyton is professedly founded, are, the general disaffection towards James II.—the treachery of his courtiers—the invasion of the Prince of Orange—and the abdication. The principal historical characters (brought, however, but little on the scene,) are James II., his mistress the Countess of Dorchester, and the Earl of Sunderland, his minister; William III. also makes his bow to the audience. The portraits of these persons display no remarkable talent. In one respect, "Walter Colyton" is distinguished above "Devereux," the tales of Mr. Power, and the productions of other popular novel-writers: we allude to the correctness of the foreign phrases with which the conversation of some of the persons is interlarded. For so good an example, its author has our hearty thanks.

PUBLIC LIFE IN INDIA.

Memoir of the Life and Public Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S., in the Government of Java, &c. By his Widow. 4^{to}.

[Second Notice.]

As a literary work, the *Memoir of the Life and Public Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles* will be read with delight and instruction: it stands a conspicuous object of admiration amid the variety of memoirs, tours, travels, lives, voyages, and biographical tracts, which the genius of modern times has produced. They will pass away, yet the work before us will long endure. Whilst, however, we panegyricize the merits, we are not blind to the imperfections of this work; although they really are, comparatively speaking, as dust in the balance. Had all the correspondence been arranged *seriatim* at the conclusion of the work, we presume it would have rendered the book more regular and agreeable. The order of the narrative is too often and too violently trenchant upon by the obtrusion of private letters. The same occurrence is frequently repeated almost *totidem verbis* in different letters to different people. The attention is assailed with interruptions, compensated by no show of advantage, and which a more judicious arrangement might easily have obviated.

The zoological part is not universally interest-

ing; in the hands of Sir Stamford it was *quelque chose pour s'amuser*;—but it tends to swell the book, and the price of the book: it might have been reserved for a separate volume. There is a reprehensible reiteration of domestic concerns and domestic scenes, which, however clear, pathetic, gratifying, or interesting in the family circle, not even the simplicity of the diction will excuse, nor the grace of narration redeem. Lady Raffles is frequently *sur la scène*; this we do not object to,—as the familiar friend, the constant companion of Sir Stamford in all the changeful and eventful vicissitudes of his chequered career, her presence is in a manner identified with his own. But a fastidious reader may think otherwise. No one, however, we think, will be found to object to such really touching passages as the following.

"Whilst the editor was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of this favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day,—humbled upon her couch with a feeling of misery,—she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uneducated native woman of the lowest class (who had been employed about the nursery) in terms of reproach not to be forgotten. 'I am come, because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him, or speak of him, without admiring him; and instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? for shame, leave off weeping and let me open a window.'" p. 500.

Sir Stamford was very zealous in all points connected with his government; and, without deeply adverting to the impolicy of extending *ad infinitum* the magic circle of our dominion in Asia, which is already considered more than sufficiently dilated, his avidity knew no bounds. He was an avowed statistical latitudinarian; like the renowned son of the king of Macedonia, he aimed at universality: his object was to subject all things under the feet of the East India Company. Hence his urgent endeavours to impress on his employers the expediency, the advantage, of adding Java to the gorgeous empire of the East. Nay, Bencoolen, Singapore, Borneo, Malacca, Batavia, and all the isles, and every mound of earth in the Eastern Seas, he would have reduced under the control of British authority:—yes, all these, and more, if more could have been grasped, he would, in the fervour of his zeal, have gladly annexed to an overgrown empire, actually offering to the astonished contemplation a population of ninety millions of souls, bound to the mother country by that rope of sand, mere opinion, strengthened by no reciprocity, no social analogy of customs, manners, feelings, language, or religion; an empire in itself a world—a world miraculously governed by a trading company of merchant-kings! In this we pronounce Sir Stamford worse than visionary. We strongly object to this wild Titanic rage of heaping Ossa upon Pelion—"imponere Pelio Ossa!" Still we would do justice to his motives: the glory, the greatness of his country, formed the all-absorbing principle by which, as a public man, Sir Stamford seems to have been entirely influenced. But we object to all this. The wisest statesmen in England have demonstrated unquestionably that our dominions in the East are, even now, much too widely spread. Have we not already one great sarcophagus *Golgotha* in our West India appendage? Why all this anxiety to acquire another, perhaps a more fatal Necropolis, by tearing Java from the hands of Holland, and placing her on the baneful list

of our tropical colonies? We have India; and yet, with a princely revenue of seven or eight millions, is it not notorious that the Company is too poor, even with the immense advantage of the tea monopoly, to pay the 20,000 British troops kept there for their protection? Overabundant as our population is by some modern Solons pronounced to be, we have no wish to lay hold of Java, though it does offer, as a lure, a tempting bill of mortality, amounting, under the operation of cholera, to 800 deaths a day!

The dissertation on Malays is interesting. The translated account of the Portuguese taking the kingdom of Malacca, from the hand of the potent Sultan Ahmed Shah, is probably correct; but the narrative itself has greatly the appearance of poetic fiction.

Although prolix in his narrative, and not unfrequently borne along by the impetuosity of a mind naturally sanguine, yet Sir Stamford is happy in many of his descriptions. His resignation under affliction, and his fortitude under accumulated difficulties, raise him in our esteem. His exertions entitled him to the confidence of the Supreme Government, who have repeatedly recorded their high sense of his conduct; and the Court of Directors have done justice to his deserts. He appears to have devoted himself with considerable energy to the cause of humanity, as well as to the interests of his employers. His short administration in Java, though under obstacles singularly discouraging, may be justly estimated by the fact, that, without any undue stretch of authority, without bearing hard on industry, he raised the revenue of the island to a scale that could not have been contemplated.

But, in commenting on the merits and legitimate pretensions of Sir Stamford Raffles, and weighing, in the just balance of criticism, the various talents of a mind naturally contemplative, though evidently not framed for abstruse and recondite research, we are not disposed to overlook the pleasing diligence, the laudable exertions, of her by whose assiduity the work has been fashioned for the press, and under whose superintendence it has assumed an air of respectability, honourable to the fair compiler, and not derogatory to the posthumous reputation of a man, who, from the documents under consideration, must unquestionably have approved himself the friend, the father, the husband, in the truest, tenderest, best sense of the words. Indeed we are inclined to view this publication as a last testimonial, piously consecrated by a fond, a faithful heart, to the memory of departed worth,—to the memory of one sincerely beloved in life, honoured and lamented in death; to one whose name will long be associated with everything that gives value to private and to public character. This encomium is deserved, and it will wear well. We have selected two short extracts as specimens of the interesting views of the manners and customs of the people of India, which are thickly scattered through the book.

Indian Suttees.

"The Rajahs are Sadrayas, or Wisayu; after death the corpse is kept a long time,—by the higher classes above a year, by the lower at least two months; the dead bodies are preserved by daily fumigation with benzoin, &c.; they are then burned, except children who have not shed their teeth, and persons dying of small-pox, who are buried immediately. The widow of the Sadraya and Wisayu classes generally burns herself with her husband's corpse; this however is voluntary; and not the wives only, but the concubines and female slaves also, sacrifice themselves on such occasions. The father of the present Rajah of Balibing, was burned with seventy-four women! It is customary with some classes to throw the dead bodies into the sea." 240.

Cannibalism in India.

"I have said the Battas are not a bad people, and I still think so, notwithstanding they eat

one another, and relish the flesh of a man better than that of an ox or a pig. You must merely consider that I am giving you an account of a novel state of society. The Battas are not savages, for they write, and read, and think full as much, and more than those who are brought up at our Lancastrian and National Schools. They have also codes of laws of great antiquity, and it is from a regard for these laws, and a veneration for the institutions of their ancestors, that they eat each other; the law declares that for certain crimes, four in number, the criminals shall be eaten ALIVE. The same law declares also, that in great wars—that is to say, one district with another, it shall be lawful to eat prisoners, whether taken alive, dead, or in their graves.

"In cases of adultery, it is not allowed to carry the sentence into effect, unless the relations of the wife appear, and partake of the feast. The prisoner is then brought forward on the day appointed, and fixed to a stake with his hands extended. The husband or party injured comes up and takes the first choice, generally the ears; the rest then, according to their rank, take the choice pieces, each helping himself according to his liking.

"After all have partaken, the chief person goes up and cuts off the head, which he carries home as a trophy. The head is hung up in front of the house, and the brains are carefully preserved in a bottle for purposes of witchcraft, &c. In devouring the flesh, it is sometimes eaten raw, and sometimes grilled, but it must be eaten upon the spot. Limes, salt, and pepper, are always in readiness, and they sometimes eat rice with the flesh, but never drink toddy or spirits; many carry bamboos with them, and, filling them with blood, drink it off. The assembly consists of men alone, as the flesh of man is prohibited to the females; it is said, however, that they get a bit by stealth now and then." p. 126.

We cannot dismiss this volume without expressing our regret that the execution of the plates has not been made an object of more importance. The work is splendid, costly, and required more attention, and more eminence, in that ornamental department. The View of Singapore is a complete scratch—a miserable failure. It need not be observed that the high price of this volume must necessarily militate against a very extensive circulation: a limited class of readers only can be gratified with the acquisition of so expensive a publication. But as we have derived much amusement and satisfaction from the perusal, we desire to see it brought more within the reach of the mass of readers. We would, therefore, recommend a handsome octavo edition, omitting the Zoology, and the View of Singapore! What we want is a popular edition,—an edition that would find its way into every man's dwelling where literature is patronized.

The Beauties of Percy Bysshe Shelley; with a Biographical Preface. London, 1830. Hunt.

SHELLEY died before he had completed his thirtieth year, but not before he had become, in his own language, "a star among the stars." Life, which is ordinarily so prosaic, was to him all poetry—an intermixture of wildness and beauty, of contrasted lights and shades, like one of his own strains. From its beginning to its close, it was clothed with idealism like a dream; and, with the abruptness too of a dream, at last it broke and vanished. His voice never fell upon the ear of the world, as if it came from one of her own children, but sounded from the first, rather like a fitful and interrupted carol, brought by some chance breeze from another orb. Hence by the populace, or the public (if that be the more acceptable term), it was never listened to at all. Then this splendidly-endowed spirit, although having in it so little of earth, and "so

much of heaven," had been led astray, in the first dawning of its hopes and aspirations, by illusions which derived their brightness only from its own bestowing, and were in reality least of all others worthy of a wise or good man's love. This was another cause of the general coldness with which Shelley's productions were long received. Lastly, such of these poems even as were published during the lifetime of the author, showed some of the faults of youth; and many of those that were printed after his death, were merely fragments, or at least had not received his last corrections and polish. To vulgar criticism, therefore, which has much more skill in detecting blemishes than beauties, they presented sufficient grounds for indifference, if not for dislike and scorn.

There cannot be a better proof of the real greatness of Shelley's genius, than that his fame should already have struggled into such manifestation, notwithstanding all these impeding mists. We hail the present publication as an evidence that the works from which it is selected are now actually becoming popular. It is a present for which the public are not a little indebted to the publisher, and which makes a most valuable addition to our now rapidly-increasing stock of cheap books. Certainly there are few volumes of the size that contain so many lines of pure gold. We miss a few of our favourite pieces—and, in particular, could have wished, that half a dozen pages more had been added, to admit the incomparable translation of the May-day night-scene from Goethe's Faust. But the selection is, upon the whole, judiciously made, and presents us with nearly as much of what is most precious in the relics of this gifted poet, as the space to which it is limited could contain. In addition to many of the best of the posthumous poems, we have large selections from the "Revolt of Islam," and the "Prometheus Unbound," together with a complete reprint of "Alastor," and the whole of "Queen Mab," with the exception of certain objectionable passages. The biographical sketch at the commencement of the volume, for the chief portion of which the compiler acknowledges himself indebted to Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Leigh Hunt, is very sweetly written.

The Tradesman's Law Library; consisting of familiar Treatises on the Laws with which Tradesmen in general ought to be conversant; with an Index, and a Glossary of Law Terms. By George Tompson. 8vo. London, 1830. Printed by J. Holmes, Took's Court.

THE title of this work, although very comprehensive, does not raise higher expectations than, upon perusal, we have found to be realized. Its learned and laborious editor has, with great industry and care, collected a mass of information upon the various points connected with trade and commerce, which will render the purchaser who shall become possessed of this one volume, almost as rich in the legal knowledge required for the common purposes of business as if he were indeed the owner of a complete library of law books.

The utility of a work of this nature, in times like the present, when knowledge of every description is thought desirable, and is eagerly sought after, admits of no question. A general acquaintance with the law must be of some importance to all classes of the community; but to be conversant with that part of it which applies to our every-day duties and transactions, would seem to be absolutely essential. Notwithstanding the obviousness of this truth, however, it is singular that no publication has hitherto been attempted, which should supply the man of business with plain and intelligible legal information on those matters in which he is continually engaged, and, by instructing him as to the extent of his rights, enable him to avoid, what all seem

to dread, the vexations and uncertainties of a lawsuit.

That tradesmen or mercantile men should become capable of solving many of the abstruse and intricate questions of law, which occasionally will arise in the course of their dealings, and which have sometimes baffled or puzzled the acuteness of the most learned professors of the science, is not to be expected; but there are occasions when, with a very small proportion of information upon the general principles of the law, the party interested may, in the event of any dispute, decide his own case, and determine upon the course it will be safe and prudent to pursue. To afford the means of so doing, and to enable his readers to accomplish the wish of Lord Chancellor Bacon, "that every man knew as much law as would enable him to keep himself out of it," is the object which the editor of the volume we are now noticing states himself to have had in view; and we are happy to have it in our power to bear testimony to the success of his undertaking.

The manner in which this arduous task has been executed, assuredly calls for the highest commendation. The extensive subjects of contracts and of bills of exchange; the rights and liabilities of carriers and wharfingers, of vendor and purchaser, debtor and creditor, and principal and agent; the law of lien and bankruptcy; together with other matters equally important and useful to merchants and traders, are fully and accurately treated of. The arrangement of the whole work, and of the several titles it comprises, is plain and methodical; the language is clear; and where it becomes necessary to employ technical expressions, the unprofessional reader may find them explained in a copious index at the end of the volume.

Having thus expressed our favourable opinion of the ability and diligence with which Mr. Tompion has prepared this valuable publication, we may venture to suggest an improvement in the second edition—which, if the encouragement he has justly merited be extended, will no doubt soon be called for. Modestly assuming, as we imagine, that the circulation of his work would be confined to that class of readers for whose use it was principally intended, the author has rested satisfied with supplying all that was necessary to answer his immediate design, and has, consequently, been more sparing of references than is suitable to the wishes and necessities of his professional brethren. We think that, in this respect, he has done himself injustice; and that his work only requires this deficiency to be supplied, to become a worthy companion of many of the most able legal treatises, and to ensure it a welcome reception in the lawyer's as well as the tradesman's library.

Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science.

THIS journal has reached a seventh number, the first of Vol. II, and it affords us pleasure to observe that its continued exertions are such as must eventually ensure success. The original articles are the contributions of men, whose fair renown in the annals of science has been far and deservedly spread, and with whom to rank as an associate in labour, is a powerful excitement.

EPICURUM.

[The following has been circulated at the expense of the Editor of a Musical periodical, who thought of adopting for his work the motto—"I'm nothing, if not critical."]

"I'm nothing, if not critical," says Will.
"Marry, though critical, thou'rt nothing still."

THE MARMOSET.

MANY ingenious publications have at various times proceeded from the pen of eminent writers on that singular class of animals, whose conformation, mental and physical, is so naturally calculated to humble human pretensions, and to moderate those lofty ideas of self-importance, which vanity is so apt to excite, particularly in the higher walks of human life. I say the higher walks, not because I am not ready to do justice to the superior acquirements which eminently distinguish that portion of the titled and the affluent, who, mindful of the advantages of birth, have sedulously improved the *ten talents* with which they have been entrusted,—but because many, so circumstanced, deem it unnecessary to cultivate their minds by a laborious course of severe study, under the fascinating, but delusive idea, that, as times go, and in the common acceptance of the fashionable world, "WEALTH is everything!" But to return to my subject. Notwithstanding the positions advanced by the great French naturalist, and the elaborate disquisitions of La Brosse, Schouten, and others, whose works have immortalized their names, I flatter myself that many of your intelligent readers will readily accede to my theory, when I maintain that the human race does not really constitute one uniform indivisible genus, but that it diverges and branches forth into a variety of species, comprehending a considerable diversity of animals, originally, constitutionally, corporally, and intellectually dissimilar, yet generally concordant and homogeneous.

In like manner, the monkey, ape, and baboon genera are extremely different in form and action, yet universally homologous. Whilst they exhibit a more evident multififormity than man, as to construction and magnitude, like man the whole race are endowed with many peculiar characteristics. It is true, they are not gifted, at least humanly and articulately speaking, with the faculty of speech; but they certainly fall not far short of their proud rivals in the faculty of grinning! I mean that broad, unmeaning, empty grin, so expressive of fatuity! But besides the power of grinning, common to men and to monkeys, there are many other peculiarities exclusively inherent in the two races. Indeed, the parallel is very striking and wonderful. They are gregarious, or social creatures. They are bipedaneous; nor has any other animal been as yet discovered, in the old or new world, who can dispute that singular prerogative with them. The structure of the teeth, the formation of the cranium, the mechanism of the dorsal process, the palms of the hands, soles of the feet, and curious digitated articulation; the pensive air, the unmeaning gravity, the sagacious stare; the nice sense of honour, or impatience under imaginary insults and injuries; the cunning, deceitful, thievish propensity, flowing remotely from the great principle of self-preservation; ingenuity, curiosity, and avidity after spirituous liquors,—in short, view them at every point, and the analogy, affinity, and similitude, are most mortifyingly conspicuous. The ourang-outang is swift, strong, and, in all physical bearings, confessedly superior to man. He is intrepid, and goes generally armed with a thick club for defensive and offensive operation. That in the immense island of Borneo they have their laws, government, and polity, and, no doubt, their language, is a fact which the Dutch no longer hold problematical.

The head of the ourang, like the head of man, presents to the astonished contemplation of the scientific phrenologist its eighty-three organs, all more or less capable of development!—and on his expressive countenance, the penetrating Lavater could discern more intellect than on many countenances commonly called human!

*Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
Os homini, cercopithecoque dedit.*

But naturalists, influenced by a partiality that does no honour to their judgment, have insisted with an air of triumph, that, after all, men have no tails! Granted. But, *et contra*, it may be maintained, that the ourang is as completely free of that bestial appendage as the most polite courtier that ever fluttered in a dance, or figured at the toilet. Besides, though it must be conceded that man is a biped *sans queue*, as far as externalities go; yet, take an accurate view of the compages, framework, or skeleton of man, and you will immediately observe the elements of a tail, in the continuation of the vertebrae, which, though not exteriorly appendant, constitute to all intents and purposes a real interior tail. But we require not the testimony of Buffon, Bosman, or Van Dorch, to establish the fact, that apes have absolutely no tail. This being demonstrable, it appears to me, that man has no ground on which to erect that overweening pride, so stupidly and ridiculously displayed by too many among us.

Between an ourang-outang and a Newton, the distance is indeed immense; but is there no difference then between a Newton and a brutal Andaman?—and between a well-educated civilized ourang, (such as I saw at Calcutta, and whom I really mistook for a Bramin, as he sat at table with his European master, dressed in the costume of India,) and a ferocious disgusting cannibal, the distance vanishes, and the ourang, I will not say approximates, but surpasses his inflated protoplast. But even here, *reason*, however debased, or unexcited and dormant it may be in the savage—the "*mentis capacius alter*," the distinguishing stamp and attribute of man, asserts its immortal prerogative, and draws the line, beyond which, not even the ourang, with all his boasted similitude, erect position, and approximation, can possibly go; like the gulph that separated Lazarus from Dives, it is indeed impassable; or, at all events, we are pleased to account it impassable;—for where is the man who will allow monkeys a particle of reason?

And yet monkeys, the very least of them, are possessed of a something, the which, if it is not reason, is at least an *instinctive undescrivable power*, bordering closely upon it. I will conclude this dissertation upon the comparative excellence of men and monkeys, by the following trivial incident:—

On my return from the West Indies some years ago, during a sudden gale off the Floridas, a cage suspended over the hatchway, in which a sailor kept a favourite marmoset, happened to be violently thrown down, by which accident the little creature's arm received a compound fracture. After the squall and confusion had abated, the honest tar brought the little animal aft to the medicine-chest, and earnestly requested the good-humoured son of Esculapius to examine him. The surgeon, with much kind feeling, very tenderly went through the operation of setting the bone, and after dressing and bandaging, a sling was fixed round his neck *secundum artem*, and the limb carefully suspended. The marmoset attended with great punctuality every morning at the chest, and the surgeon went regularly through the motions of dressing the broken arm. After two or three weeks, the monkey was well, and the bandage taken off. But to the end of the voyage, he continued to hold his arm to his side, nor did he once attempt to use it without extreme caution. His gratitude to his benefactor knew no bounds;—he seldom quitted him during his walks on the quarter deck; when reading in his cabin, he would often slide in and sit close by his side;—and when the surgeon left the ship, the little creature moaned and lamented like a child. So much for gratitude in monkeys!

Nor are monkeys merely capable of gratitude; their attachment to their young has been eulogized in very high terms: and of their surprising

capacity and imitative powers innumerable and well-authenticated testimonies might be adduced. The orang lately exhibited at Ghazepore, Benares, and all the upper settlements on the Ganges, by those noted Hindus, Rhoop Chaund and Meetah Dhoo, has been the object of general admiration. This animal was caught in Borneo when very young—purchased by the master of a country ship, and after making the tour of the Archipelago, was brought to Chandernagore and sold to a French merchant, in whose family he received the rudiments of a modern polite education. Dress and finery were his delight—he would waltz, and dance a quadrille, with a grace and agility truly enviable. He made no progress in the fashionable accomplishment of swearing; but he would toss off his glass, and whiff his cigar with an air that did honour to his instructors, and excited the jealousy of half the *haut ton* who came to witness his accomplishments. He was rather partial to riding, and latterly was as good a shot as many a cockney sportsman, who consumes his time and money in popping at tom-tits and sparrows! His manner of laughing set all Chesterfield's principles at defiance—it was loud, modish, and *comme il faut*; he had a trick of showing his very grinders when he grinned; extremely fond of admiring his person in a glass; and he would spend hours in oiling and curling his moustaches, and trimming his sidelocks and whiskers! He was never without perfumes in his handkerchief, took snuff, and picked his teeth with an air of ton.

J.

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.
BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

Why do we gaze enraptured on woman's laughing eyes,
As if those flashing fires could dry the fountain of our sighs?
Why does our spirit, as we gaze, seem panting to be free
From every staining tie on earth, and soar in liberty?
What hope we in those mystic orbs of glory to discover?
The sign that in her soul we hold the station of a lover?
That we alone of all the world inhabit in her heart,
And rapt look on as, one by one, the clouds of doubt depart?
Or watch we, as of old the Chald did watch the eastern skies,
Beholding o'er the blushing waves the glowing sun arise—
The dawn of intellect appear that o'er the beauteous clay
Shall in its glorious noontide blaze shed such a dazzling ray?—
Ah no; our souls, while wandering here, are only strayed from heaven,
Loving, as exiles always love, the home whence they were driven.
And when, amid the dreary waste of mortal life, we view
The eyes of woman, beaming bright, like stars of sparkling hue,
They call to mind our former state, and seem like mirrors strange,
In which the reflex of those things that never fail or change
May be beheld, as we behold in crystal lake or river,
Reflected clouds, or fairy flowers that on the margin quiver.

THE TURKISH WIFE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that we have already reviewed the Travels of M. V. Fontanier in the East, we cannot resist translating the following amusing scene, as presenting an interview of rather an unusual nature in Mussulman annals.

As naturalist to the embassy from France to Constantinople, M. Fontanier was supposed to possess a knowledge of medicine, and was thus requested to visit the wife of an inhabitant of Amas-

sia, who was ill, and who passed for a beauty even where all were beautiful. She was a Turcomann, and had married the Amassian, from motives of ambition. She received a splendid dowry, and although, from reverse of fortune, he had been despoiled of his wealth, even to the loss of his pipe-bearer, she would scarcely make any allowance for his support, though, for her own service, she maintained a retinue of negro slaves.

"Before entering the harem," says, M. Fontanier, "the good man took the precaution to make me wait in the court-yard, until all was arranged in the interior for my introduction. The lady did not disturb herself either for her husband or for me; it would have been difficult to have found a more handsome woman; her bracelets and necklace were adorned with emeralds, and her velvet robe was richly covered with gold embroidery; her pipe was studded with diamonds, and she wore a number of precious stones on her fingers and on the fastening of her girdle. As soon as I had taken my place, she ordered her negroes to bring me coffee and a pipe, and stated her complaints, which appeared to me to be more imaginary than real. I recommended her to take exercise and change of air. 'That is precisely the thing,' said she to me; 'I am the daughter of a Kurd; I can scale the mountain's top, and govern a steed; I formerly wandered freely over the country, I needed no veil on going abroad, for what can a virtuous woman want with a veil? Thus did I live and breathe freely; but now I must conceal myself, walk with gravity, and, followed by a troop of slaves, go and visit a parcel of stupid Turkish women. Yes, the air would do me good, and liberty more than anything.' The husband did not hear my advice with anything like the same satisfaction that his wife testified; she perceived this, and told him pretty smartly to go and order more coffee, and to return when she should send for him. He went out and left us there alone; the lady then said to me, 'You see this old animal;—he is the true cause of my illness, and that illness is nothing more than *ennui* at the sight of him. He is out of fortune's favour; and what pleasure is there in living with a man who remains in the city without power, without authority, and without even anything to eat? My friend, are there no means of ridding one's sight of him? You are the prince of all physicians, the very cream of doctors; have you no medicine, which, with God's help, might deliver me from him? I should then return to the country where I am so well, and would quit this city, which I pray God to overthrow.'"

RADIATION OF HEAT.

CONVERSAZIONE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday, April 2.

MR. AINGER occupied the attention of the members this evening, with a lecture on the Radiation of Heat. It was not his intention to enter generally into the subject, but merely to explain certain difficulties attending experiments on heat, which have led to a supposition that cold exists as a positive principle, and that it is in certain cases actually radiated from a cold body. However absurd such an hypothesis may at first sight appear, it was yet plausible enough, considering the circumstances which led to its adoption. We shall endeavour to render the matter as intelligible to our readers as the limited notice we are enabled to give will permit.

Heat is supposed to be radiated from all substances, under every possible circumstance; but the effect is commonly observable only where a considerable difference exists in the temperature of two or more bodies, and then the degree of radiation is much affected by the quality of the surfaces of such bodies. Heat is likewise re-

flected from all substances; and it is easy to imagine, from the analogy between light and heat, that polished bodies reflect most, and blacked surfaces, without lustre, reflect least, both of light and heat. When radiant heat falls on any solid substance, a portion of it is reflected, and a portion absorbed; and it is found by experiment, that highly-polished metallic surfaces reflect about nine-tenths of the heat which falls on them, and absorb one-tenth; while blacked surfaces reflect but one-tenth, and absorb nine-tenths. Between these two extremes there is every possible gradation in the proportion of reflection and absorption belonging to surfaces differing in lustre, texture, and colour.

Bodies that radiate heat most effectually, absorb it in the same proportion; and those which are the best reflectors of heat have the least radiating power.

When any solid body, such as a large ball of metal, be hung up in a room for some time, it will be of the same temperature as the air of the apartment, the walls, and other matters around it; and it is supposed that, even in this case, there is a constant radiation going on from the walls to the metal ball. The ball reflects a portion of the heat, and absorbs a portion—radiating at the same time the quantity it absorbs back again to the walls: thus its temperature remains unaltered. If the ball be now heated, and suspended as before, it will radiate heat to the surrounding objects faster than it receives heat from them, and thus its temperature will be gradually reduced; but if, instead of heating the ball, we cool it to the temperature of ice, (that is to say, much lower than that of the room,) the ball will receive more heat from the objects about it than it radiates to them;—consequently, the temperature of the ball will increase, and that of the bodies about it diminish.

To render these effects sensible for the purposes of experiment, the contrivance of two polished metallic mirrors, placed opposite each other, has been resorted to; but we have thought it advisable to divest the subject of complicated description, and endeavour to collect merely the result of experiments.

It has been found that the same power of radiation exists in any substance, whether it be above or below the temperature of the surrounding bodies. If a vessel full of ice, having half its surface bright, and half black, be put near another warmer body, the effect of cold on such body will be greatest when the blacked surface is turned to it. This circumstance led to the difficulty which Mr. Ainger proposed to explain: for as the blacked surface is best capable of radiating heat, and as, according to the theory above quoted, all bodies are constantly radiating heat, how comes it that when most heat is communicated by radiation, the greater degree of cold is felt in the body which receives such heat? It must be remembered, that where the bright side of the colder vessel is presented towards the other, though it receives more heat than it radiates, yet it reflects much heat from the surrounding objects, which, falling on the warmer ball, supplies a portion of the heat it loses by radiation to the colder one: but when the blacked side of the colder ball is turned towards the other, it reflects but very little heat, and it appears that the heat resulting from the excess of reflection in the first case, is much greater than that carried by the excess of radiation in the second. Thus the effect of cold is greater from the blacked surface radiating much, and reflecting but little, than from the bright surface which reflects much and radiates but little.

This may be illustrated by figures, but it is perhaps sufficient with a knowledge of the fact, to assign a probable cause without entering on the dangerous business of giving a positive numerical value to thermometrical indications.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

ON Monday evening was held, the fifth conversazione meeting of the season—Sir H. Hallford, President, in the chair;—when the attention of the meeting was called to a paper, consisting of certain documents, tending to prove the efficacy of the South American plant, called the Guaco, in controlling the poisonous effects of the bite of serpents and scorpions. Several of the facts elucidating the powers of this plant, were collected by Sir Robert Kerr Porter during his stay in the Carraccas, and by him transmitted by letter to the learned President of the College. A dried specimen of the plant was on the table, and also some of the prepared juice. The Guaco is *pentandrous*, and of the order *monogynia*. The inflorescence is a corymbus, calyx 5-partite, corolla 5-cleft, infundibuliform, stamina uniting by the antheræ, leaves large, cordate, irregularly serrate, veined strongly on the under side, root branching, and extremely fibrous, stem cylindrical below, but at a greater elevation becoming pentangular. The mode of administering this remedy as a preventive, consists of taking a spoonful of the expressed juice of the leaves, three or four times in the day, and rubbing the same into incisions made in the sides, and between the fingers and toes; after which, the person thus medicated may handle the most venomous serpents with perfect impunity. Where a previous bite has been inflicted, the part must be dressed with a cataplasm of the bruised leaves, and the internal use of the juice continued until a cure is perfected. But the virtues of this all-commanding remedy (so say the documents) do not stop here: they cure pains of all kinds, remove every species of obstruction, and tempt the rheumatic to dance for joy, and the hydro-botic to drink to its success. To adopt the old-fashioned nomenclature of good old Gerard's day, the Guaco is the South American *all-heal*.

On a side-table were exhibited some beautiful specimens of osteology—the perfect skeletons of two large species of snake, and also of the pelican, together with the skull of (we believe) a crocodile.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Saturday, the 3d inst. a special meeting of the council of this Society was held, for the purpose of awarding the two Gold Medals, annually placed by His Majesty at the Society's disposal, to be adjudged to the authors of works of eminent merit or of important literary discoveries; when the first medal was voted to Washington Irving, Esq.; the second to Henry Hallam, Esq. The following is a list of the eminent literary and learned individuals, upon whom the Society has conferred this honour, from its commencement in the year 1824:—

1824, W. Mitford, Esq. Signor Angelo Mai.—1825, Jas. Rennell, Esq. Charles Wilkins, Esq.—1826, Professor Schweighauser, Dugald Stewart, Esq.—1827, Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Robert Southey, Esq.—1828, The Rev. Geo. Crabbe, The Rev. Archdeacon Coxé.—1829, William Roscoe, Esq. The Baron Silvestre de Sacy.

FINE ARTS.

MADDOX-STREET GALLERY.

THE Frescos of Paul Veronese, which are considered to form the principal part of this collection, have been before exhibited in the same gallery, and been heretofore noticed in the Athenæum; yet we cannot help again inviting the attention of our readers to them, as to specimens of a class of paintings with which few of them can enjoy the opportunity of being acquainted. The Frescos of Paul Veronese are not, it is true, to be ranked in the first class of productions of the same description, nor, as pictures, are they altogether such as

would be approved of in modern times; yet, since much may be learned from them if studied with judgment, as they are in themselves decidedly fine works of art, and as it is so rarely that occasions occur when fresco paintings are to be procured, we should regret that the opportunity should be lost of making these works national property, if they are to be acquired for a reasonable consideration. We are not among those who would recommend the acquisition, at any sacrifice, of articles of virtu, as objects of mere curiosity; and it is not in this light that we view the Frescos of Paul Veronese, when we urge the purchase of them as specimens in a class of the art of painting, without some examples of which, no collection can be held to be complete.

The gallery consists, besides the Frescos, of forty paintings in oil, and forms altogether a very interesting exhibition. Most of the pictures have been already before the public in some situation or other, and therefore afford little opportunity for comment; but as those who wish to form their taste, or rather, who desire to have a correct judgment on the subject of execution, cannot be too constant in their visits to galleries of this description, we strongly recommend the collection now on show in Maddox Street to the notice of our amateur readers. Among the pieces which we do not remember to have seen before, are, a very delightful, clear, and pure landscape, of small dimensions, by Both, and a trio of gems, placed near together—a Paul Veronese, a cabinet picture, from the Danoot collection; "Taking down from the Cross," a study by Vandyke; and a "Christ and Woman at the Well," by Rembrandt. The last is a remarkable specimen of singular effects and force of colouring.

THE TOURNAMENT OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

THIS is an exhibition of a painted window representing the tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which we invite our readers to visit. We promise them that they will be gratified. They will admire it not only as an ingenious and brilliant specimen of painting on glass, but as a design remarkable for its spirit and taste. The latter is by Mr. Bone, the former by Mr. Wilms-hurst. The painting presents us with the splendid affair in the "Vale of Arde," at the moment when the two Kings are in the lists, each bearing a lance against an adversary. In the back-ground, in an alcove, seated at a table, are the Queens of Henry and Francis, with Cardinal Wolsey, the umpires, we presume of the contests. Behind them, are a crowd of courtiers and attendants. Knights and nobles taking part in the tournament, are arranged on each side. The colouring is very effectively and dexterously managed; the tone is rich and harmonious; some of the colours are beyond description brilliant, while the design—in parts at least, for it has its inequalities—displays skill in composition, and grace and expression, in a degree too rarely found in modern works of art, of far greater pretensions than a sketch made for a painted window.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals drawn from the Life, and engraved by Thomas Landseer. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

It is not often that a work published in parts proceeds with such religious observance of the promises contained or implied in the specimen number, as Mr. Landseer's Sketches of Animals. It even improves as it goes on, and every new part seems to surpass, both in the interest of the subjects, and the spirit and skill of execution, that which preceded it.

The animals, of which we are presented with portraits in the number now before us, are the Indian Rhinoceros, the Brahminy Bull, the

Cheetah, and Mandril. Of the originals, the first belongs to the Jardin du Roi at Paris; the second and third are in the Zoological gardens; and the fourth is to be seen in the menagerie of Mr. Cross, at the King's Mews. The last is certainly a most ugly gentleman; but as, with all his ugliness, he possesses more character than many a brute of greater comeliness—a case which sometimes happens with us mortals—he has not, on account of his want of beauty, been thought less worthy of exercising the skill of Mr. Landseer. The engraving is a perfect specimen of its kind, admirable for its character, force and effect. Those of the Brahminy Bull and Cheetah are rich in qualities of a different class—they are clear, delicate, and beautiful; the rhinoceros, in point of execution, ranks between the two other classes. The portraits of all four animals are instinct with life, and remarkable for fidelity and discrimination of character. The head of the Brahminy bull excels particularly in these respects. The tail-pieces are spirited sketches, but not free from that confusion which we have before objected to in some of Mr. Landseer's productions. The foliage, or whatever it is intended for, which forms the back-ground to the rhinoceros, is liable to the same objection. The plate would have been more perfect had that back-ground been omitted. The other principal figures are quite free from any fault of the kind.

The Rose-bud. Engraved by Thomas Wright, from an original picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May."—*Turner.*

Mr. Wright's style must be known to all admirers of beautiful engraving;—his Nell Gwynn, from Lely, in the "Beauties of Windsor," and his Russian Admiral after his brother-in-law, Dawe, ranked him high among his compeers in the dotted or Bartolozzi manner; and he is not at all likely to lose any of his reputation by the elegant little work now before us. When we say that Mr. Wright has done justice to a charming portrait of a sweet little girl, a daughter of Earl Cowper, (Lady Emily, we believe), by the hand of Sir Thomas, hardly any other notice need be added to recommend it to all who love the innocent in nature, and the beautiful in art.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN PIANIST.

WE were much gratified a few evenings since by having an opportunity of hearing the extraordinary performances, on the piano-forte, of a very young Italian professor, Signor Emmanuele Borgatta. He is not more than eighteen years of age, and we may safely, and without exaggeration, assert, that in execution and command of the instrument, he is not excelled by any professor we have ever heard; his facility of reading music at sight, and his extemporaneous talent, have probably never before been equalled at so early a period of life.

We will not particularize the various compositions which were selected for him to play, but content ourselves with mentioning that amongst them was one of the most elaborate and difficult of Beethoven's sonatas, the last movement of which is a "canone a tre voci." This he played at first sight, with perfect accuracy, and with the fire and enthusiasm of real and powerful genius. He also adopted a theme given by one of his auditors, as the subject of an extemporaneous fantasia, in which he displayed so much theoretical, as well as practical knowledge, that all who heard him were astonished and delighted at so rare and effective a combination of talent and science. This young man is very little known here, and therefore has not much chance of being heard in public; in consequence, however, of the favourable re-

presentations of some of the party, he was engaged on Monday morning to play at the City Amateur Concert the same evening. We have not seen any report of his performance there beyond a general acknowledgment of its merit.

Mr. Borgatta is a native of Genoa, and studied under the celebrated contrapuntist Mattei, of Bologna; and as we are ardent admirers of genuine talent, whatsoever may be its species, or the country that has produced it, we recommend this highly-gifted and very unassuming young artist to the notice of those scientific members of the musical profession, who have the power of selecting such talent as they may deem worthy of being encouraged and brought forward. We can assure them that their notice will be justly and honourably bestowed, and their zeal for the service of the public amply rewarded by the future success of so deserving an aspirant to their attention, and to general patronage.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Souvenirs des Concerts de Paganini. Fantaisie brillante pour le Pianoforte, composée sur des motifs de M. Paganini. Cramer, Addison and Beale.

AFTER all that has been written and said of this *God of the Violin*, (see Laphaëque's memoir, pages 91 and 105 of the *Athenæum*) curiosity must certainly be excited as to the musical compositions of so remarkable a performer. The work before us presents a variety of passages, themes, and reminiscences, worked together into a pleasing, showy, and not very difficult Sonata—the author ambiguous. The first movement is an allegro maestoso (in *r*, common time), representing the “commencement du concert.” The introductory “*solo appassionato*,” a variety of adapted violin passages, and concluding with a recitativo as an introductory episode to a characteristic allegretto “*Colla Campanella*,” in *A* minor, 3-4 time. A rondo in *r*, 2-4 time, concludes. Very little, if any, originality of style is exhibited, by no means so much as in the adaptations from the compositions of the French violinists, Mayseider, Rode, &c., whose elegancies are quite peculiar and delightful; we however repeat, that the “*Souvenirs des Concerts de Paganini*” forms a very desirable fantasia.

The Cuckoo. Arranged as a Rondo for the Pianoforte, and dedicated to Miss Marianne Hore, by G. F. Harris. Monro and May.

Mr. Harris has formed a very pretty and teachable rondo, out of Miss Casson's old tune written to

“Now the sun is in the west
Sinking slow”—(*you know the rest*).

And the publishers have decorated the title with a lithographic sketch of a cottage, a lake, and a lady with her guitar, in the act of performing a duet with a cuckoo!

“*What tongue can chide the Archer Boy?*” written in answer to the “Archer Boy,” sung by Miss Love. The poetry by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. The music by John Barnett. Barnett and Co.

A flowing pleasing melody (in *B* flat, common time), quite in Barnett's own manner, and an interesting specimen of the popular ballad style.

“*If my soul is enraptured with pleasure.*” A Cavatina, written, composed, and arranged, with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte, by E. Woolf. Ewer.

A pleasing little rondo (in *D*, common time), written in the usual style of the countless thousands of ballads issued from the musical press, and within the usual scope of the two treble *F*'s. In the 4th bar of the introductory symphony, Mr. Woolf has committed the usual error of suspending a note in one part, and resolving it at

the same time in the other; thus, while *G* is written as a minim, in the treble, the *F* is reiterated in the bass.

The Prophetic Well.—At Thiari in Savoy, there is a well, which, by a most extraordinary peculiarity, indicates the variations of the atmosphere with nearly as much precision as a barometer. According to the statement of the inhabitants, they can judge of the coming changes by the appearance of the water. Several naturalists and savans have visited the spot; but they have not dived into the well, though they might find the truth at the bottom.

—Professor Müller, one of the best German engravers, died at Stuttgart on the 14th March, aged 83. His best works are the portrait of Louis XVI, and the Madonna della Seggiola by Raphael.

—The only cast in plaster left by Canova, the group of *La Pietà*, has been executed in Carrara marble by Cincinnato Baruzzi, one of his pupils. The work is highly spoken of by the Italian journals, for its fidelity and finished execution.

—A new tragedy, from the pen of Maturin, was produced at the Dublin Theatre last week, entitled “*Osmyn the Renegade, or the Siege of Salerno*,” in which Macready took the leading part. It is said, this piece was in rehearsal at Covent Garden, before the decease of the author—but why it was never brought forward, is not known. It has, however, been quite successful in Dublin—and no doubt we shall soon see it on the London boards, when we shall have an opportunity of speaking of its merits.

—Among the theatrical novelties of Paris, about to be produced, are a drama by M. Ancelet; and one by M. A. Dumas, called “*Stockholm, Fontainebleau, et Rome*.” The latter comes out at the Odeon, with splendid scenery and costumes.

Statistics.—The population of Sweden has increased during 1826, 7, 8, 76,810 souls. At the end of the latter year, the whole population amounted to 2,848,062 souls.

The Plague in Egypt.—The French physician, M. Pariset, celebrated for the devotion with which he has investigated the nature and causes of epidemic disorders, and especially of the yellow fever, when it raged so violently in Spain, is now in Egypt, engaged in inquiries respecting the plague. The last letters received from him were of the date of the 21st and 25th January. Although then out of health, and suffering much from fatigue, he had not abated in his activity, but was moving from one part of the Delta to another, and observing with attention the various maladies occasioned by the inundation of the Nile. Is the plague brought to the Delta, or is it endemic? Which is the mode most likely to be efficacious of providing against it: to establish quarantine laws, or to take measures for rendering the villages of the Delta more salubrious?—are the questions, to the solution of which M. Pariset has chiefly directed his labours. In order to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the subject, he had sent persons on whom he could rely, to Smyrna and Constantinople, to ascertain whether the plague existed there at a particular period, and whether vessels, goods, or persons, actually infected, had departed from either of those places for Egypt. Another person was sent to Alexandria, and being provided with all necessary preservatives against infection, and means of disinfection, was commissioned to certify the arrival of suspected vessels, and to take immediate steps for relieving them from infection. M. Pariset himself had proceeded to Rosetta to make similar inquiries in his own person at that place, while other persons were engaged in researches tending to the elucidation of the same subject at Cairo.

—The celebrated composer and pianiste, Hummel, is daily expected to arrive here from Paris, where his splendid talents have been justly admired and appreciated. It is said, that he is engaged to perform twice at the Philharmonic Concerts, and that he will make his first appearance there the week after Easter.

“*Can you sing?*”—The Rev. Mr. Bowles, in his history of Brewhill, relates the following amusing anecdote of his admission to Winchester school. I recollect, previously to my being admitted a scholar on Wykeham's foundation, the great pains my mother took in teaching me to sing correctly the 100th psalm. Every morning I went through this long lesson. I had mastered, with the help of my father, the *shortest* ode of Horace; and I now was sent off to Winchester, being persuaded that I could at least sing, if I could not *construe*! To the election chamber, on the solemn day, I was admitted, with anxious looks and beating heart. There sat, in large white wigs, and in black gowns, the wardens of the New College of Winchester, the “*posers*,” so called, two examining fellows annually selected from New College, the head master of Winchester school, all in dreadful array before me. The first question was, “Can you sing?” The usual answer is, “yes,” and nothing more is said; but, having been so well prepared, and taking heart, I answered, “yes, a little,” and, fearing my powers should not be duly estimated, instantly began, “All people that—” The warden of New College, Dr. Oglander, said smilingly, “That is enough, boy!” but having begun, I was not so easily repressed, for I went on, louder than before—“that on earth do dwell;” at length I observed all faces gathering blackness, and I retired, murmuring in an under tone, “with one accord,” when I was received, by the boys waiting in the outer room, with a shout of laughter, and a knock in the mouth, which did not, at that time, tend to convince me of the advantages of public education.

Tewkesbury the Melodist.—The same author gives the following particulars of Tewkesbury. The striking effect of two trebles in the third verse of a metrical psalm, was first introduced by Tewkesbury, and there is no melody more exquisite than that in which this effect is introduced with singular sweetness. I am not aware that this melody has been published, but there are very few, if any, country choirs, where it is not a favourite. It is the melody to “Be light and glad, in God rejoice.” The same author wrote the composition which many consummate musicians have admired, without knowing the name of the composer, “Oh! all ye works of the Lord,” in which the two trebles repeat, “Praise ye the Lord.” Of this rural rival of Green and Kent, whose name appears in almost all parochial choir-books, Tewkesbury, nothing is known; but who ever heard some of his expressive melodies without being delighted? On seeing the name, and being pleased with the composition, we naturally ask, “Who was he? Where does he live? Of whom did he learn his art?” He was employed in an humble capacity by the celebrated musician Giordini. With the first money he saved he purchased a *fiddle*; and having taught himself the scale, he practised in a garret. One day the tones were heard, and his master angrily inquired, “What noise was that?” The offender came down, and acknowledged himself the culprit! Giordini was interested, and gave this boy further instructions. He afterwards settled at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, as country “*maitre de danse*.” These anecdotes I heard when I was a schoolboy at Shaftesbury, in the neighbourhood; and I yet remember the effect of his exquisite playing, for I risk extorting a smile in my reader, when I inform him, of this very composer I learned to dance!

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 3.—At an ordination held by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, in the Chapel of the Palace, on Sunday the 31st ult., the following persons of this University were admitted into Holy Orders:—
Deacons—Oliver Ormerod, B.A., Brazen-Nose college; Lewis Tomlinson, B.A., Wadham coll.; Joseph Esmond Riddle, B.A., St. Edmund's Hall.
Priests—Jasper Peck, B.A., Trinity college; Henry Purrier, jun., B.A., Worcester coll.; Frederick Edward Arney, B.A., Queen's coll.

CAMBRIDGE, April 9.—At the congregation on Friday last (the end of term) the following gentlemen were admitted Bachelors of Arts:—
Peter Spencer, St. Peter's coll.; Thomas Smithett, Queen's coll.; James Narborough Glasse Lynn, Queen's coll.; James Peck Cockburn, St. John's coll.; William Corbould, Emmanuel coll.; Edward Boor, Emmanuel coll.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Strutt is preparing for publication, in the course of the present month, an edition, in royal octavo, of his *Sylvia Britannica*, complete in one volume. It will be enriched with several additional subjects, comprising, in the whole, sixty plates of the most celebrated specimens of the various descriptions of Forest Trees in England and Scotland.

A Poem, entitled "The Career of Woman," is preparing for publication.

Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. Mon.	Thermom. A. M. P. M.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 1	33	38	29.50	E.	Rain.
Fr. 2	37	40	29.25	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat. 3	39	33	29.22	N.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 4	40	37	29.56	Ditto.	Cloudy.
Mon. 5	41	37	30.63	Var.	Clear.
Tues. 6	45	37	29.60	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 7	52	48	29.60	S.W.	Cloudy.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 3 P.M.

Clouds.—Cirrostratus and Nimbus on Thursday and Friday. Cirrostratus on Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday. Cumulus on Sunday. Cirrus and Cirrostratus on Tuesday.

Mean temperature, 40.5. Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.16. Highest temp. at noon, 57.

Astronomical Observations.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part frosty.

The Moon and Saturn in conjunction on Friday, at 3h. 22m. P.M.

The Sun and Jupiter quartile on Tuesday, at 7h. 45m. P.M.

Saturn's geocentric long. on Wed. 11° 19' in Leo.

Jupiter's "ditto" "ditto" 16° 34' in Capricorn.

Sun's "ditto" "ditto" 17° 9' in Aries.

Length of day on Wed. 13h. 16m; increased 5h. 32m.

Sun's horary motion 2° 27'. Logarithmic number of distance .000775.

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"North. There, James, lies the *Spectator*, a new weekly paper of some half-year's standing, or so, of the highest merit, and I wish I had some way of strenuously recommending it to the reading public. The Editor, indeed, is Whiggish and a Pro-Catholic, but moderate, steady, and consistent in his politics. Let us have no two-coats. His prices of passing politics is always admirable; his unpartisan information—that I know, on the authority of as good a judge as lives, is correct and comprehensive; miscellaneous news are collected judiciously and anonymously from all quarters; the literary department is the ablest, the most interesting, and the most useful of any I have ever seen. I would give better criticism on poetry, and nowhere nearly so good criticism on theatricals. Some critiques there have been in that department, superior in equanimity of tact to any I have seen; but none so worthy of *Elia* himself, though not apparently from *Elia*; and in accounts of foreign literature, especially French, and above all, of French politics, a subject on which I need to be enlightened, I have seen no periodical at all equal to the *Spectator*.

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